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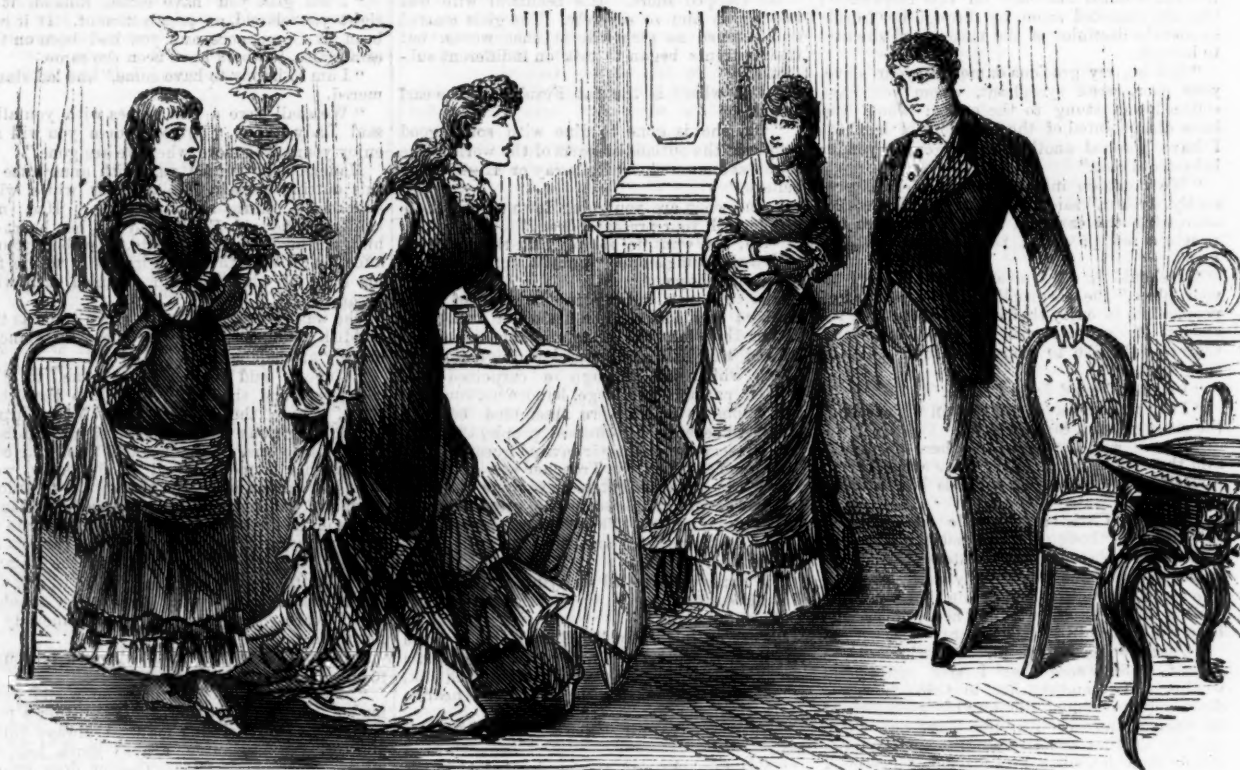
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[A SURPRISE.]

CHRISTINE'S REVENGE;

OR,
O'HARA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief,
All entertained each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.

THE earl and countess dined at the early hour of five on Christmas Day, so that their servants might begin their amusements at about seven; usually, Ladies Elaine and Clarice dined at two o'clock in their own apartments with their governesses, but on Christmas Day the countess condescended to sit down to dinner with her two governesses and her two daughters.

The table glittered with gold and silver and crystal. A superb Sevres service which had cost a thousand guineas held the magnificent grapes and pears and hothouse peaches at the dessert. The earl, a fair, handsome man, leaned back in his velvet chair cracking walnuts and speaking mild jokes for the amusement of his young daughters.

Lady Clarice, a little pale creature of fourteen in black velvet dress, point lace collar, and coral necklace, laughed at her father's fun as if it were the witticism of a Sidney Smith, or a Thomas Hood or a Theodore Hook. Lady Elaine, likewise in black velvet, red coral and point lace, sat up silent, scarcely smiling.

She looked lovely enough to make a painter wild to copy her beauty on canvas. The rich bloom on her transparent cheek; the light in the deep violet eyes; the exquisite moulding of the red lips, reminded one of a head by Greuze, but beyond all there was the beauty that passes show—the beauty of a thoughtful gentleness; of an inward striving after lofty things, high aims.

Yes, it was a sweet soul that dwelt in that fair tabernacle of the body. Elaine knew that her papa's jokes were a little weak, and perhaps she thought Clarice childish to laugh at them. She looked over at her magnificent mother, and asked herself if there were such another lovely, splendid creature within the compass of the four seas.

Lady Donnamore wore crimson velvet and a collar of rubies set in exquisite gold, in her raven hair was a fillet of gold and a peerless ruby set as a heart. Her ladyship was of marble fairness, colourless, save where the scarlet lips glowed. Her eyes and hair were black as night; her features were of pure Greek type, but the expression of the whole superb head and magnificent form was that of immovable self-reliant pride, not an atom of real human feeling in the cold, dark eyes, or on the haughty mouth.

Lady Donnamore's figure was Juno-like, yet not at all too large; it was the perfection of form and feature, nor was animation wanting, for power and intellect flashed out of the wonderful dark eyes.

The countess smiled graciously, but how cold was the courtesy. Mademoiselle Mattelle appeared in a dress of rich dark silk, with no ornament save a thin chain of gold, to which

was attached a plain gold, oval-shaped locket. Once the eyes of the countess rested on that locket, and Christine felt them there; her dark cheek burnt, but she smiled; her eyes flashed; she took a bunch of grapes which the earl politely handed her on a little gem of a plate.

"These grapes came all the way from the hothouse at Donnamore," said the earl. "I always fancy Parker's grapes are finer than any we get."

"And anything from Donnamore is sweeter than from any other place," said the Lady Elaine. "I love Donnamore."

Anybody who knew the countess—how few there were who did know this haughtiest of aristocratic dames—might have perceived that as the shadow of a cloud passes across the calm, bright surface of a summer lake, so a faint passing shade glided over the purely chiselled face of Elaine's mother when the young girl said so warmly, "I love Donnamore."

Christine Mattelle knew every change of the great lady's mood. The French governess had made it the study of her life to watch the Countess of Donnamore, haughty, inscrutable dame as she was. Christine read her like a book. She knew perfectly that the lady was wounded to the core when she reflected that Donnamore must pass to her husband's relative, the Hon. James Fitz-Stephens, son of the Baron Lord Comberwood.

Some day the handsome guardsman would unite the titles of Comberwood and Donnamore if he survived the earl, and he was likely enough to do so since he was fourteen years younger, but if he did not, why he was married now, and had an infant son who would be the heir.

Donnamore must pass from the earl at his

death to his cousin. Oh, if only Elaine, beautiful and gifted child, had been a boy! a young Lord Harwood! What a sore point it was with the countess!

Christine ate her grapes with relish, and sipped the rich wine in the crystal goblet as if it had been nectar, and she smiled and thought how that after all the pride and hope of the countess was set now on this girl; that she had planned a ducal marriage for this mere child; that she expected some day through her to rule almost the destinies of the nation, and she said to herself:

"Not so, my gracious dame. I, your slave, your poor, weak sycophant, whom you have spurned and stung to the quick; whom you have disappointed of the one hope of her life! I have planned another marriage for yonder baby-faced chit."

"We must go into the servants' hall, presently, Arthur," said the countess, with a smile, addressing the earl; "I am about to give the people a few presents; the children will help me."

"I should be quick over it, love, were I in your place," the earl replied. "Those kind of people like to enjoy themselves without the restraint of our presence, unless Elaine and Clarry would like to stop and witness a few of their games?"

"I should," cried Lady Clarice.

"Then mademoiselle will remain with them," the countess said, carelessly.

"By the way, James will be here to-night," said the earl, rising from the table and planting himself on the hearthrug, with his hands folded behind him.

Ah, how Christine Mattelle started and shivered, but though she had not the stony yet superb nonchalance of the countess at her command, she yet was wonderfully self-possessed. She smiled though she was pale. She saw the shadow of a haughty smile hover over the beautiful lips of Lady Donnamore.

"That woman is a fiend," Christine said to herself. "She sees that I still suffer and writhe, and it amuses her to think how her diplomacy prevented the terrible esclandre of an unequal match. Ah, my lady, but there shall be another one that shall touch you more closely than if James Fitz-Stephens had married your children's French maid, for in truth you did not reckon me above that in your pride ten long years ago."

"Yes," said the earl, changing from one foot to the other, and still holding his hands behind his back, "yes, James is going into Scotland for the new year, but he wants to stop and see a new piece at the Vaudeville. You know he is theatre mad, and Mrs. Fitz-Stephens would not wait, so she has gone on with her uncle to Montrose Abbey to spend Christmas with her parents. She has taken the little ones, and James will spend a few days here."

"Why did he not dine here?" the countess asked, languidly.

"Oh, because he has promised some man to dine at the club. He will be here about ten, I think."

"Mademoiselle, tell the housekeeper to prepare a room for Captain Fitz-Stephens, will you?" the countess spoke, in dulcet tones, but there was an irritating sense of command in her manner, which roused the slumbering demon in the Frenchwoman's heart. With a dangerous flash in her great eyes, she arose and left the room.

Alone with her husband and daughters, the countess unbent and broke into a silvery laugh.

"Poor creature! poor Mattelle!" she said. "That woman amuses me; it is such a rebellious nature. She will never learn what she is. French Republican blood, I suppose, Arthur. If I give her a distinct order she is ready to turn round and scream at me with rage."

"Then I would humour her," said the earl, gently. "Poor thing, I would never order her about."

"You might not," the countess said, with a curl of her lip, "but I who detest this spirit among the masses, am determined always to put

people into their proper positions. Christine's temper amuses me; she is afraid, too, so much afraid in her heart of giving real offence. After all, her accent is perfect, and what an artist the woman is. She really might exhibit at the Academy any year; but how worn and plain and old she grows!"

"Ah, she was handsome a few years ago," said the earl, "and James—"

He stopped short. His beautiful wife was looking at him so severely. The girls started and listened as girls will at such words, but their parents began to talk on indifferent subjects.

"And where is the fat Fraulein?" the earl asked.

"Oh, she is gone to dine with some good people in the outlandish parts of the world," the countess answered. "Holloway or Highgate, I believe."

"And when are you going down among these people with your presents, dear?"

"Ah, you want to sleep," said the countess, with a charming smile. "Come along, darlings," to her daughters.

The two girls sprang to the side of their mother; each offered her a slender arm. Together they left the stately dining-room and crossed the hall and passed through folding-doors, which led through a carpetted and lighted passage to a large, handsome, comfortable room, in which were assembled between sixty and seventy well-dressed people, the Donnamore servants and their invited guests.

A game of Turn the Trencher was going on. When the countess entered everyone stood up and bowed or courtesied to the great lady and her fair daughters. The countess bowed and smiled with the grace and the condescension of an empress.

"I hope you are all enjoying yourselves?" she asked, affably.

Murmurs of—

"Very much so, my lady," and among them one loud, distinct voice, that of Mrs. Turner, a portly and handsome woman, in rich black silk, who came and stood "with deference" near to Lady Donnamore.

"Turner, have all these people had their tea?"

"Yes, my lady, and the supper is laid in the next room. Would you like to see the tables, my lady?"

"Let the children," the countess answered, giving her daughters a gentle push forward. "Go, children, and tell me what you think of Turner's taste in the arrangement of the supper."

"It is all the taste of Mademoiselle Mattelle, my lady," said the housekeeper. "She is so clever and so kind."

The young ladies walked through the crowd of admiring guests. The young ladies in their black velvet and point lace and red coral; their long, fair plaits tied with black bows.

"The young ladies are going to see how the supper tables look," whispered the guests.

The supper tables looked very pretty with crystals and flowers and handsome dishes. There was game and poultry, pastry, jellies, tarts, cold joints, a huge ham. The countess could be liberal on occasion; the good earl was always so.

"It is very nice," said Lady Elaine, and then she stopped.

For some subtle reason the pink on the girl's lovely cheeks deepened to crimson. She saw a young man beautiful as the Eros of the Greeks, as an Apollo of Praxiteles, dusky handsome as a bronze Adonis from the masterhand of some sculptor of old who knew how to model godlike men, and this youth was dressed—so it seemed in her girlish sight—as well as any of the young gentlemen whom she met in her mother's drawing-room.

Lady Elaine was not wise enough in the fashions of masculine attire to detect the ready-made coat of Roland O'Hara. She only saw him blush painfully, and bow gravely, and then resume his conversation with Mademoiselle Mattelle.

Mademoiselle left him soon, and came up to Elaine.

"Where is the countess, Lady Elaine? I want to introduce poor Roland to her notice. I have found work for him in the evenings if her ladyship and the earl consent."

"Mamma is in the next room," said Lady Elaine.

Then she addressed O'Hara:

"I am glad you have come, Roland, it is right you should, as papa's tenant. If it had been at Donnamore, and you had been on the estate also, it would have been the same."

"I am so happy to have come," the lad stammered.

"We shall have a few games with you all," said Lady Elaine, "but of course you will all enjoy yourselves more when we are gone."

Mademoiselle turned pale with annoyance at this cutting speech. Roland was white with suppressed pain and surprise. Had not mademoiselle said Elaine had set her heart on him, her love—her passionate, uncurbed young affection? Was this the girl ready to die for his sake, of whom he had dreamed such wild dreams?

She was unconscious, he was sure of it, as the childish young sister by her side. He glanced angrily at mademoiselle.

"Come," said Christine, "come to the countess," and she led O'Hara into the other room, where the countess and Mrs. Turner were giving away dress pieces, silver watches, silver teaspoons, desks, workbaskets, and certain rather humdrum and goody books, well bound, as gifts among the servants. "Pardon, madame," said mademoiselle, presenting Roland; "this is the son of one of your poor tenants at Donnamore, and he is very poor; cannot he make a catalogue of the books in the library. You wish to employ somebody to do it, and the priest has made him what they call a scholar, and I heard you say you must find somebody to get the catalogue in order."

The countess looked at the handsome young man, and she frowned ever so slightly.

"What a handsome footman he would have made," she said to herself. "It is rather a pity you are a scholar, young man. I always think you of the peasantry are so much happier among your fields. Father Connor does wrong to try and make you all clerks and school-masters. I daresay you find that London streets are not paved with gold, after all?"

"I find everywhere misery and discontent, my lady."

The countess laughed.

"What a tragical individual," she said, with a merry but not unkind scorn in her fine eyes. "Well, Roland, mademoiselle there is your patroness; if you come next Monday I will see what you can do."

"He will have to work in the evenings, my lady."

"Well, on Monday evening I will see you and I will give you a few shillings a week, and I daresay Mrs. Turner will give you some supper."

"Certainly, my lady, I will."

Roland bowed and wondered if he was going mad. The countess walked smiling away. Ladies Elaine and Clarice remained to have just one game at Turn the Trencher with the servants.

"We always do at Christmas at Donnamore," said Lady Clarice, simply, to Roland.

How was the game played? Did Roland enjoy it? He was not once thrown into the way of the young ladies. Forfeits were left out as long as they remained, and they took their departure soon.

"Ah! how much louder and happier they all are now that we are gone," said Lady Elaine, pausing in the passage to listen to the shouts and laughter of the servants and their guests. Mademoiselle Mattelle started and listened.

"I hear a step," she said, in French, then to her pupils: "run, run to the drawing-room, there the coffee waits and the earl. I have forgotten something; I must go back."

The young ladies obeyed. Mademoiselle did not return to the servants; she hurried out

through a glass door into a passage, and thence into a grand, deliciously warmed, fragrant, winter garden or conservatory, where white statues gleamed amid Oriental flowers and foliage.

A lamp shed a subdued light over the whole. At the foot of the lamp stood a tall, bronzed-bearded, splendid man three of and thirty or so. Christine rushed up to him, then stopped and crossed her arms over her chest. Her eyes were wild with fiery gleams; her breast heaved; she was pale as death.

"And what is it?" she asked; "tell me quickly, or I shall become mad!"

CHAPTER V.

She is sad, she is dark
As a winter's day;
This other dame
Is both fair and gay.

THE handsome man smiled—a languid, yet most fascinating smile. His white teeth shone through the black moustache.

"Christine!" he said.

He unfolded his arms and held them spread out towards the French governess. She ran to him, was caught, and folded to his breast, and kisses were rained upon her thin, quivering lips.

She wound her long arms about this man; she clung to him as if in an ecstasy, and then she broke into passionate weeping.

"Oh, James! My love! my love!" she murmured, "how weak and fond I am still, and you—you—your love for me was as a passing cloud fleeting as the morning dew of the sultry summer days; gone like a shadow; withered as a dead rose trampled under feet; while mine, mine for thee is a consuming fire which eats out my life—which gnaws at my heart—which gives me no rest by day or by night! Ah, if I had been your wife, my love, as you promised me that I should, then would I have twined in my whole life with yours, so that you would not have known your own from mine; so I would have lived and moved and had my being in yours; so should the strong spell of my giant love have held your own in bondage! Your weak, flickering flame of affection should have been daily rekindled from the devouring fire of this great passion which is killing me daily now, body and soul—body and soul!"

The turgid passion, the wild eloquence of Christine had some effect on the man she loved. He kissed her upturned face with what seemed an enthusiastic tenderness.

"Christine, darling, calm yourself. You know if it had not been for the countess and the tales she told my father, and my debts, and the ruin she would have brought upon me—you know that if it had not been for all this you would have been my wife long ago, but as things were it could not have been, so you must not let love for an unworthy dog kill you."

"Ah, is it not the unworthy who are ever loved with devotion?" asked Christine. "Men and women both; it is the heartless, the cold, the forgetful, the egotists, who win the strongest, purest, deepest love from others in love. You know our French proverb, there is always one who loves and one who lets him or herself be loved, and I was always the one to love. You were the loved one, but you would have been my affectionate and devoted lord for all that. I was younger then and fairer. I had brighter eyes, a joyous smile; my heart was light. I had the beauté de diable which I have lost. Ah, my love, I lost you, but I will be avenged."

She spoke the last words in a hissing whisper. She spoke them in French.

"On whom?" he asked, softly, caressing her hair with his hands. "On whom, Christine? On my little, fat, insensible wife? who is so vain and so content that she never thinks I can have eyes for anyone but herself. She has eyes only for herself—by-the-way, cares only for herself. She is a splendid specimen of selfishness."

"I have a contempt for her and that is all," said Christine. "She was an heiress, you were wofully in debt. I hope you will spend the

money. Voila tout—it is not on Mrs. James Fitz-Stephens that I will be avenged."

"Oh, don't talk so, Christine. I hate spite, my dear, and do you know, Chrissy, why I am here? Why I sent for you by my confidential servant Parkins, and asked you to meet me here in the conservatory before I appear in the drawing-room?"

"No; I was afraid. I did not know what it was. I thought you were about to tell me that we must meet no more, that the sole pleasure I have now in life, that of meeting you sometimes alone, must be given up."

"It is not that, but you are such a jealous little thing, Chrissy, you are, indeed, and it is not of my wife, but there is Lady Julia Saville."

"Ah, the fast woman; she who drives cream ponies through the streets, and smokes as she drives, and spits and swears and wears men's hats, and horsewhipped her groom, and they say drinks enough brandy to make a decent woman shudder. You know we Frenchwomen take only can sucre in the day, and two glasses of wine with dinner. We are sober, James."

"You are a charming nation," Captain Fitz-Stephens said, with a smile; "but this little woman has let her house furnished in Park Lane for the winter, and she is going to Rome early in the New Year, so she has assumed the privilege of an old friend, you know. Of course she was a ward in Chancery, as was my wife. She is my wife's cousin. The Earl of Donnamore was the guardian of both. You have heard all that? Well, she has invited herself here for a fortnight. We shall appear on very good terms. If you think she flirts don't show spite, smile and be affable and sweet-tempered, like my own Christine."

He attempted to impress a light kiss on her brow, but Christine sprang back, clasped her hands as in a vice, and turned upon him a face that was positively terrible in its wrath and anguish. She was white and rigid as a corpse, but the eyes blazed like live coals.

"Christine, how frightful—you make me sick almost. What in the world is the matter?"

"I shall go mad," she said, speaking between her clenched teeth. "This woman, this Lady Julia! Had I been your wife—ah, I would have torn her heart out if she had dared to look at you with those leering blue eyes, but I am nobody—French mademoiselle, the—the—the governess," she added, in a burst of frantic rage. "The poor, meek drudge, whom her ladyship crushed some years ago, and took her lover from her, and married him to the little, fat, smiling heiress of a rich Scotch landowner, the governess who has grown sallow and lean with the hunger of the heart; the French governess, whose accent is so good—Mademoiselle Mattelle, and so, must I sit and smile while you, a married man, make love to this married woman before my eyes?"

"Christine, you talk like a madwoman; do have a little patience and listen to me. Lady Julia Saville heard I was going to Scotland before going to Rome, and she said she wanted a week longer in town, so invited herself here and made me invite myself here so that she might not be lonely and I might drive her about and so on. I can't be uncivil to a woman, but all at once it struck me what a spitfire you are, and I thought you would insult her perhaps, and get yourself in trouble, for Lady Donnamore thinks Lady Julia Saville, an earl's daughter, and the wife of Sir Abraham Saville, the richest man in England after Rothschild, may do whatsoever seems right in her own eyes, so I advise you to be on your guard; don't annoy Lady Julia more than you can help."

"Annoy! then I am to endure, ha! ha! ha! To endure has been my portion ever since my lady broke off our marriage, and used those words which I shall never forget as long as life lasts. I must endure, must I? Well, and you and the Lady Julia are to enjoy, and—what of Sir Abraham?"

"Sir Abraham—him?" The captain used an ugly word.

Christine smiled her bitterest smile.

"It has come to that then—to that which I have dreaded, and I have a rival? Your wife, fat, rich, and stupid, was no rival, but this woman is one, and I am asked to curb my temper, to hide my pain, to smother my anguish. Am I to smile and wait on this Lady Julia? Answer me; am I?"

"No, no, no, nothing of the kind," James Fitz-Stephens answers, hastily, "only to be quiet, to keep out of the way. I, under the circumstances, could not refuse to meet her here as she arranged it, and she is a very pleasant woman when she likes."

"You love her?" asked Christine, sharply.

"Not as I did you," he answered. "She is pretty, and has a spirit of her own, but hang it, a man wants some excitement in life, something to make it spin along pleasantly. I remember when your sweet eyes, Christine, were all the world to me, when I wanted nothing more than to sit out in that wild part of the park at Donnamore with you under the beech trees all day. Do you remember Donnamore, Christine, that hot, fine summer? Alas! how long ago? Ten years. You were eighteen, I was twenty-three. We could see old hoary Carrig Flynn from where we sat, and the brushwood clothing his feet and his steep, bare sides, and below us lay the white highway, looking like a strip of ribbon between, the wood of Morah clothing the slopes on either side. At that time I lived in a dream, a young dream. How long ago that seems."

"You only remember that time when you see me, James, the woods, the road, winding like a white ribbon between them, Carrig Flynn and the wild ferns and foxgloves in the bosky park. You only think of those days now and then. If I went away and you never saw me at all, you would forget that such days ever were, while I live only in their memory. All my present life is to me stale, flat and unprofitable. My heart is in the past—the long, dead past, and I have no hope, only revenge."

Her great eyes glittered through their tears. Fitz-Stephens looked at her with a mournful kindness. All she had said was true. He had not loved as she had loved. His was a fickle heart, a pleasure-seeking nature. He was a butterfly, sipping all sweets in the gay parterres of the world's garden.

Once he had loved as he would never love again, and his love had been Christine Mattelle. But it was another Christine Mattelle, a blooming lass with rose red cheek and dark eyes dancing with delight.

A girl young and innocent, knowing nothing of the world or its wiles. A little French governess to the little fair children, aged four and five years, of the Earl and Countess of Donnamore.

He had suffered, not as Christine did, but he had suffered for a few months, and then, to the delight of his relations, to the despair of the young French girl, he had grown wise and forgotten Christine, or only remembered her as a poor pretty little maiden, for whose sake he had once been anxious to do a rash and random and irrevocable action.

When he saw Christine again after two years sorrow had already begun to rob her of her bloom and brightness. But now ten years had gone by, and Christine was like the ghost of that sweet, dark-eyed maiden of that long ago fairy summer at verdant Donnamore. Lean, sallow, hollow-eyed, fierce, sarcastic, soured, "like a spiteful old maid," as the scornful countess who had taken from her the desire of her eyes said, laughing behind her back.

The handsome guardsman rarely thought of Christine now, unless he saw her, and then something, the shadow of his dead love, stirred his heart; and he pitied her, and wished she was happier and handsomer.

This was how things stood between these who had been lovers, on one side kindly, half-indifferent compassion, on the other, a love which grew and increased with absence and despair, which was maddened with looking backwards and living over and over again in the dim past, feeding on memories which were now as idle dreams lashing itself into fury as it recalled the work of the woman whose strong will

and pitiless pride had crushed the happiness of the eager girl for ever.

"Christine, would that you could love some better man, some—"

"Hush!" she said, "or I shall an thematise you, though I love you as my own soul. You are the one man this great world holds for me. You are to others as were the gods that came down among mankind in the days of old. Hush! I will smile and be, oh, so meek, when the smoking, swearing, drunken, beauty comes here. Tell me, will the old husband be with her?"

"No, he is laid up with the gout at the country seat with a regiment of nurses and doctors. Lady Julia hates a sick room and the smell of hot flannels, she says, so she is coming away."

"How you must reverence her," said Christine, with a cold smile.

"Now-a-days, we men think it a sad bore to be obliged to reverence a woman," said Fitz-Stephens. "We like to waltz with them better."

"And now she is your love?" asked Christine.

"She is my fancy, dear, only that, and nothing more. She is lively, she amuses me. Men need amusement."

"Men! Ah! if I dared, I could blight you, James, for your faithless heart; but no, I love you too well."

She was drawn once more to his arms, was folded once more to his heart, and then she ran away suddenly, sought her own room, and sent a message downstairs that her head ached so she could not appear again. And it was true that her head ached.

(To be Continued.)

QUARRELING.

"THEY'RE not like other people's children!" I have heard a mother exclaim. "They are always quarreling!"

Was it any wonder? This question might well be asked in contemplating the two pictures here presented.

A little girl was sitting down quietly, drawing figures on a slate. Her pencil, a nice, long one, caught the eye and pleased the fancy of her brother, who, being the stronger, snatches it from her, and walked towards the door with it. The little girl called to her mother, receiving, in consequence, a pair of boxed ears for disturbing her parent, while the young robber, with a gesture of triumph, walked off unmolested.

Several children were digging little gardens, when one appropriated and marked off a space larger than any of the others, encroaching upon their share of the plot. Their indignant appeal brought upon the scene an irate parent, who punished them all for making a fuss; and then, with a hoe, destroyed all the gardens to prevent any trouble about them in the future.

Cases so aggravated in disregard of principle, may not occur every day. But it is the easiest thing in the world for those in absolute authority over children to do them keen injustice. And they soon find, by experience, that parents very often like their own ease better than judicious watchfulness, and hate to be disturbed, and that an appeal to law is useless, often bringing punishment for causing such disturbances. So, as a matter of course, they take the law into their own hands. If the weaker would submit quietly and tamely to the tyranny of the stronger, silence might be kept, and the parents not annoyed. But they will not do it. It is not in human nature to see the best of everything wrenched from us and make no sign. So, in sooth, they must resist interference and express their dissatisfaction—and as in all probability the most aggrieved will make the most noise, they will receive the castigation, and those really deserving it will take advantage of the confusion to make good their escape, and get off scot-free.

It cannot be otherwise. Injustice of parents, whether thoughtless or deliberate, will separate

the children into two parties—the domineering and the cowed. And the inevitable result will be constant quarreling as the order of the day. This is all wrong. It may be a little difficult at first, and a great trial to the patience to listen carefully to every story, and adjust each difficulty with strict impartiality—but it is the only true way, and the way that will pay best in the end.

Life, to children, is a serious business. They have not the philosophy and experience to know how to take joy or sorrow as it comes, nor to feel that little is worth fretting about. They have keen perceptions of right or wrong, justice and injustice, and they expect those older and wiser than themselves to be so much better than they very often are, looking angrily to them for strength and knowledge. Yet, loyal little hearts, long after their examples have deceived and disappointed by littleness and inconstancy, they still hope and believe. No matter how weak, anyone who shows a sincere interest in a child's welfare may be sure of its affection. And it lies with parents to make all memories of childhood sweet, brightened with their loving, just care.

M. B. H.

SWEET MARY, I'M WAITING FOR THEE.

THE evening's sweet hush is now hanging o'er all,

And nature seems happy at rest;

Undisturbed, save by some little bird which would call

On the dear little mate of its nest.

The moon o'er the hill is now showing its face,

While the coo of the dove comes to me;

Oh, sweet is the scene at the old trysting-place,

Sweet Mary, I'm waiting for thee.

I'm waiting, and not that I wish to complain,

Though longer you're staying away;

Yet the scene has a loveliness hard to explain,

E'en the trees seem unwilling to sway.

I almost can hear my heart beating within,

And it seems far more lonely to me;

Oh, come, little one, I am here once again,

Sweet Mary, I'm waiting on thee.

Whatever can keep you away from my side?

You are true, I know by my heart;

Yet I feel there is something amiss to-night,

Every murmur around makes me start.

E'en the streamlet I've praised seems gurgling a dirge,

And its sighs come so dismal to me;

Oh, come, little one, for the hour is long gone,

Sweet Mary, I'm waiting for thee.

Hush, what is that song? it seems far, far away,

Coming sweetly up through the dell;

Ah, pleasure, 'tis Mary, I know by the lay,

'Tis her favourite, I know it so well;

Yet she comes not, and why? list that murmur'ing voice,

Which comes down through the old trysting tree;

Youth, wait not, for Mary's now come to our house,

And there she is waiting for thee.

S. B. N.

SCIENCE.

ANOTHER new description of gunpowder, prepared at the Government factory at Waltham Abbey specially for the 80-ton gun, was tried on Thursday and Friday at the proof butts in the Government Marshes, adjoining the Royal

Arsenal, Woolwich, and achieved results in advance of any previously accomplished. With a charge of 425lbs. of this powder, the 80-ton experimental gun, with the cracked tube, firing the ordinary projectile, weighing 1,760lbs., recorded the high velocity of 1,584 feet per second, while the pressure on the bore was under 21 tons to the inch. These results are better even than those produced with the German prismatic powder recently tried, and heavier charges of the new explosive are to be fired.

UTILISATION OF SOLAR HEAT FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES.

At the Paris Exhibition M. Mouchot exhibited in action an arrangement in which the rays of the sun were directly utilised both for the purpose of cooking food and distilling alcohol, and also as a motive power. A large concave mirror of about 20 square metres' aperture was directed towards the sun, and was supported in such a way that it could follow the sun from east to west. At its focus was a boiler, weighing, with its accessories, 200 kilogrammes, and having a capacity of 100 litres.

On one occasion 70 litres of water were boiled in half an hour, the manometer attached to the boiler showing a rise of pressure of the steam to six atmospheres. On another occasion, under a constant pressure of three atmospheres, M. Mouchot maintained in action a pump which raised from 1,500 to 1,800 litres of water per hour to a height of two metres.

THE Penzance town corporation decided to celebrate Sir Humphry Davy's centenary on the 17th December, by organising an exhibition of scientific apparatus, and afterwards held a meeting to consider the advisability of devising means to still further commemorate the event in the spring, when several English and foreign savants will be invited to attend.

NEAR Heide, in Holstein, a flowing well of petroleum has been struck, the product of which is said to be in every way equal to that which comes from America.

A NEW astronomical museum is to be established at the Paris Observatory, and will contain portraits of astronomers of distinction or merit, medals relating to astronomical discoveries or work, pictures of the heavenly bodies and celestial phenomena, and old, disused instruments of astronomical and physical research. It is thought that in this way the Observatory will be made more interesting to ordinary visitors. The museum already possesses two valuable portraits as a nucleus for its collection: one of Le Verrier, and the other of Louis XIV., who founded the Observatory.

FOR the purpose of putting out fires in chimneys quickly, the Paris fire department has adopted a method of which M. Queynet, a French chemist, is the inventor. It consists in burning one hundred grammes of sulphuret of carbon on broad, hollow plates upon the hearth of the chimney. Such fires have usually been extinguished heretofore in Paris by burning sulphur on the hearth, in which case the top of the chimney had to be closed; but the new method is perfectly efficacious, without this trouble of ascending to the roof.

Two German statisticians have lately published at Gotha what is regarded as the best estimate of the world's population at the present time. The aggregate, according to their calculation, is 1,377,000,000.

ZINC is used very extensively as a roof covering in France, Belgium, and Germany. The area of roofs annually covered with this material is from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 square feet.

AFTER a recent rehearsal of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Mr. Joseph Barnby was presented by the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society with a service of silver plate of the value of £200.



[SENKING THE HEIRESS.]

STRONG TEMPTATION: A Tale of Two Sinners.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"That Young Person," "Why She Forsook
Him," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

GONE FOR EVER.

This world is but a thoroughfare full of woe,
And we be pilgrims passing to and fro.

CECIL KYLE had a long conference with Mr. Evans before he left the office in Pump Court. It was arranged between them that he should escort Miss Kyle to London, and afterwards to Lakewood, compensating the lady whose name began with an "L" for any inconvenience she might sustain through the loss of her English governess.

It was settled that Mr. Evans should meet the cousins in London, and accompany them to Lakewood. Also that a lady chaperone must then be engaged to superintend the household of the young heiress, who, her solicitors sincerely hoped, would not remove her mother from Coldharbour Lane and the twopenny trams.

These plans made, Cecil went home, if we accord the name to a set of chambers in Clement's Inn, where he always stayed whilst in town. It was no common relief to him to know his fate, and he was too generous to deny that Harold Kyle's child had a far better claim on Lakewood than himself.

He sat down and wrote a long letter to his cousin Maude. He told her everything. How if she would only trust herself to him, he would soon make himself a fortune ample for their comfort.

Cecil's love for Maude was of no recent date; it began when he was a schoolboy, and she a little child in pinafores. The two had understood each other without being bound. Cecil never thought of any other creature as his wife in his whole life, and Maude never thought of a future spent apart from him.

Many things had prevented the young man from speaking in his uncle's lifetime, when all believed him heir of Lakewood. He would not tell his love story, for in his inmost soul he felt the fine old place would never be his. He did not fear this changing Maude's feelings, but he thought it might influence those of her mother and brother, as he believed they were ambitious for their darling.

He wrote his love story at last suddenly on sheer impulse. But for Mr. Evans' suggestion, that the baronet and Miss Kyle would be well matched, Cecil would have waited till he could go down to Eastcourt; as it was, the young man took a perverse pleasure in placing a barrier between himself and the arrangement his friend found so "suitable."

Cecil knew France well, but had only passed from the steamer to the train at Calais, and so knew little of that Anglo-French town. He put up at the best hotel in the place, and after a good night's rest, partook of a cosy breakfast, thinking anxiously the while of the best means for tracing his unknown cousin.

He wished to draw as little publicity as possible on the girl herself. He had a chivalrous respect himself for women, and he wished no idle gossip to be busy with Dorothea's name, therefore he preferred the more tedious operation of hunting up the school himself, to trusting to find it by cross-questioning the people about him.

It was a girl's school, and hardly a first-rate one, since the remuneration offered to the foreign governess was twelve pounds a year. In France, as in England, most schools have the fact of their being such inscribed on a brass plate outside, but very many do not have also the name of their principal, so it is not surpris-

ing that after two entire days spent in promenading Calais and scrutinising a vast number of the said brass plates Mr.—we beg pardon, Sir Cecil Kyle was as far as ever from the object of his search.

He confessed to himself his mission was a dead failure. Calais, like Boulogne, is a favourite spot for schools, especially cheap ones, and Cecil found very soon that by his own unaided exertions he should never discover the name of the lady who employed his cousin.

He had almost renounced the information that it began with an "L" as useless. If Mrs. Yorke could not remember her daughter's address, why should she recollect the name of her employer.

For a young, unmarried man to go about a strange town, above all a French one, making constant inquiries about young ladies schools, is simply impossible. Such conduct would never be tolerated, so Cecil took great credit to himself when the bright idea came to him of applying for help to the priest of one of the most crowded parts of the town.

Monsieur the curé, or Father Matthew, as he was more generally called, received the young stranger with that simple kindness for which the French clergy are so remarkable.

"I am in a great difficulty," said Cecil, addressing the priest in his own language, which he spoke fluently. "I have come to Calais to trace a young cousin whose guardian I am in some sort. I am empowered by her mother to take her back at once to England. Nor do I think she herself would object if I could find her."

"Have you been to the mayor, my friend?"

"No, I wish, if possible, to avoid all publicity, besides I have an important clue. My cousin came to Calais with a settled purpose. She was engaged as English teacher in a school here."

"But there are many schools in Calais."

"But surely they do not all employ English teachers."

"That is so. What age might the young lady have?"

"Twenty-two. She is tall, and I am told she resembles me," thinking of Dora's likeness to her father. "She is very dark—a decided brunette."

The priest shook his head.

"I see many of our schools here, pupils and teachers too, but I am certain I have not seen this young miss. I know four of your countrywomen, sir, but older much than twenty-two."

"I suppose there is no list of schools published?"

Father Matthew shook his head.

"I will tell you what you want, my friend, in so conflicting a case, the help of a lady. The ladies, sir, hear everything; their eyes are always open. I will give you, if you please, the address of my sister, she has a large head, and a kind heart. She may assist you."

Cecil thanked him warmly. He did not see what use the lady could be to him, but his own unassisted efforts had been so useless that he was glad to catch at a straw.

"She keeps a school herself," went on the priest, "and you will find some little countrywomen there besides an English governess, but not your cousin. Miss Smith must have at least thirty years."

He handed Cecil a card, inscribed, Madame Lecomte, Pension de demoiselles, Rue Royale, No. 11, and as the young man bent his steps to that uninteresting locality, he could not help thinking that it was a strange coincidence, the first female ally he met in Calais should bear a name beginning with an "L."

A pleasant, comely-looking woman, bearing a strong resemblance to the priest, received him in a modest drawing-room, bright with a cheerful wood fire.

"I am but too happy to serve the friend of my brother," said madame, in reply to his apologies, speaking really very tolerable English. "I hear it is of some affair secret. I will have discretion."

"Madame, in the month of December a young cousin of mine left London for Calais, where she was engaged as English teacher. By some unlucky chance we have not her address. She promised to write, but her letter has miscarried. Strangely enough she has lately become an heiress, and we wish her to return at once."

"Vat one romance," said the Frenchwoman, approvingly. "and the name of your so fortunate relative, sir?"

"Dora Yorke."

"Not Dora Yorke an orphan?" said Madame Lecomte, with a little cry. "Oh, surely not!"

"Yes. Is it possible you know her?" Madame got up and went to the table, opening an album; she turned the leaves over rapidly till she found some desired photograph. Then she brought the book over to her visitor.

"Dat is Dora Yorke."

It had been taken in the old happy days when her father was living. Very young and fair she looked, but very strongly marked was the resemblance to the Kyrles.

"She do take after you one little, sir," said madame, remarking the resemblance to her visitor.

"And where is she, madame?"

The Frenchwoman looked at him pityingly.

"You did love her much?"

"I should be very glad to find her, madame. Is anything the matter? Is she in any trouble?"

"No, no," said madame, briefly.

"If you would tell me all you know about her," he said, eagerly.

"I never see her," returned madame. "In December last I did demand an instructress English for my pupils, and dis Miss Dora Yorke did send me her conditions, and I engage her."

"You cannot mean she never came?"

"The morning I expect her come a letter to say she meet an old friend at Paris, and if I do say yes, she stay a week, and I say yes."

Madame stopped and wiped her eyes before she went on.

"Then I have a letter from the lady, her friend, and the poor child, but twenty-two, is dead."

"Dead?" replied Cecil, as though he had not heard aright. "Oh, not dead!"

"Even so. It is one sad history. I shed tears on reading it."

She was shedding them now. All she could tell Cecil was that Mrs. Brown, the English lady, wrote herself and said her young friend had been ill only four days of bronchitis. The funeral was at Montmartre, and now Mrs. Brown and her family were returning to London. Cecil doubted nothing, it seemed perfectly natural to him Dora should have friends her mother knew nothing of. He quite understood madame in her surprise forgetting to answer the lady's letter, and then neglecting to preserve it.

As he went out into Rue Royale a profound sadness filled his heart. It seemed so terrible that after a life of poverty this poor girl should be taken away when affluence was coming to her, whilst he and Mr. Evans had been wondering how to dispose of her, and if she were worthy her honours; all unrequited then, she was sleeping beneath the turf powerless to suffer or rejoice. Cecil was horror-struck. No other word can express his feelings. Never once did he think of the immense change to himself. It never occurred to him that now he and Maude would reign at Lakewood.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISITS.

If free from passion, which all friendship checks, And your true feelings known and understood, No friend like to a woman earth discovers, So that you have not been for small be lovers.

DOROTHEA HASTINGS went home with her sorrow. Well was it that her husband had gone to London, and that there was no one to notice her pale, wan cheeks and heavy eyes.

Poor, helpless Dora! She seemed to have lived a hundred years since she got up that morning. How was she to drag out her life—here, at Vere's very threshold?

Luncheon was but a mere pretence of eating. Dora almost wished herself a pauper, that she might have no waiting servants to remark her lack of appetite.

The hours of the day dragged heavily, and yet she was sorry when the time drew near for her husband's return.

He was late, and she did not see him until the gong summoned them to dinner. He was in a very amiable mood, and talked a great deal all through the long repast.

Dora hoped he would linger over his wine; but Mr. Hastings rarely did that when he was alone. He soon followed his wife to the drawing-room.

She was at the piano when he came in, singing one of Sullivan's ballads. Her whole soul poured out in it, for its words were the cry of her heart.

If I had known that thou wert true and thou that I was free.

Mr. Hastings listened with only mixed pleasure. He did not approve of emotion in anything.

"I do not admire that song, Elena," he said, shortly. "I can't think why, when women have everything in the world to make them happy, they persist in singing that they're miserable."

"Out of contrast, I suppose."

He looked at her sharply, to see whether she spoke in irony, but her face was impenetrable.

"Don't let me hear it again. Why can't you sing something cheerful?"

"I am sorry you do not appreciate good music, Mr. Hastings."

"I don't appreciate bad temper," he said, angrily. "Look here! there is one thing you must learn, and the sooner the better. I mean to be master in my own house."

"Yes," with provoking calm. Then more amiably: "Was it cold in London?"

Believing, by this sudden change of subject, he had gained a victory, the banker became a shade less disagreeable.

"Cold! Why, it was quite a spring day. Surely you have been out?"

"Yes, I was out a long time this morning."

"Did you take the carriage?"

"No, I only went into the park."

"It was hardly the correct thing," he demurred. "You should have waited till Lady Isabel had called."

"Who is Lady Isabel?"

"Mistress of Eastcourt, and likely to remain so, for people say her son will never marry. A thousand pities, for they come of an old line."

"Do you like the Eastcourts?"

Mr. Hastings objected to this cross-examination.

"Really, Elena, you can have seen nothing of the world, or you would not ask such a senseless question. Of course I like the Eastcourts. They are the oldest family in Blankshire except the Marsdens, and I specially request that you pay all attention to Lady Isabel when she calls. I daresay she will bring that pretty girl who was your bridesmaid with her, for she is staying at Eastcourt."

"Rosamond really so near?"

"Yes, a fine girl. Didn't you think so, Elena?"

"I thought her charming."

"Well, perhaps Vere Eastcourt will think so, for she would be a very suitable wife for him."

The next day Mr. Hastings remained at home. He and his wife were both in the drawing-room when the servant announced:

"Lady Isabel Eastcourt, Miss Eastcourt, and Miss Stuart."

Dora greeted her friend warmly, and received the two strangers with her own dainty grace, though her heart was heavy as she thought of what might have been their claim on her regard.

Mr. Hastings specially devoted himself to Rosamond, while his wife talked to Lady Isabel. Maude divided herself equally, but she spoke very little. All her time seemed spent in watching her young hostess.

"We are your nearest neighbours, Mrs. Hastings," said Lady Isabel, kindly. "I hope you will look upon us as friends. Maude and I will be very glad of your society, for we are much alone. My son was obliged to go to London this morning, so he must defer the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

The visit was a complete success. Mr. Hastings felt he had exercised perfect judgment in his choice of a wife. His penniless bride could hold her own with the proudest names in Blankshire.

"What do you think of her, mamma?" asked Maude, when they were at home, and Rosamond had gone to her own room.

"I think her charming, but she must have seen a great deal of trouble, Maude. I never saw a sadder face. I only hope Mr. Hastings will make her happy."

"I'm sure he won't," decided Maude. "I don't think he could. She looks as if her whole heart were far away, and I am sure his never goes beyond his own interests. Mamma, I should like Mrs. Hastings for a real friend."

"Rosamond's prediction seems wrong?"

"Yes. Mamma, did Mrs. Hastings remind you of anyone?"

"Not that I remember, Maude."

"She is just like a picture they have at Lakewood. She has quite a Kyle face. She may not have had a penny, but I am very sure of one thing, mamma, Mr. Hastings did not marry beneath him."

Very soon Dorothea returned the call. Gladly would she have postponed so doing, but her husband was determined she should not fail in any of her social duties, and he insisted she should pay every mark of respect to Lady Isabel.

Rosamond was out with Vere. In these days amusing the young guest must fall very much on the master of Eastcourt, for Cecil Kyle had arrived and claimed a great deal of Maude's

time, so Mrs. Hastings found the Lady Isabel alone.

The woman who had enjoyed almost thirty years of happy married life, who had son and daughter for her hope and comfort, saw at once that all was not right with her lovely visitor.

She wondered very much if the young bride's trouble lay in the past or present. Her heart warmed to Mrs. Hastings. She felt she would be very glad to see that fair face happy.

"Do you like Blankshire," she asked, kindly, "or do you prefer town? Our village must be a great change to you after Paris."

"I like it very well," said Dora, listlessly. "I suppose, to some people, all places are the same."

"If we carry our dear ones with us we can be happy anywhere," replied Lady Isabel. "But your present home may be very happy, and yet you may think of the old one. Is it not so, my dear?"

"No," said Dora, in a choked voice. "I had no home. I was quite alone in the world when I married Mr. Hastings."

"Forgive me, my dear. You are young, and I thought a mother's heart somewhere might be lonely for you."

"Oh, no!"

"Do you know?" asked Lady Isabel, in quite another tone, "I am to lose my daughter soon? Eastcourt will seem very lonely when she is gone."

"Is Miss Eastcourt to be married?"

"In a few months. The engagement is very recent, but they have known each other all their lives, and Cecil is my own nephew, so I feel very sure they will be happy."

"I am glad of that. Miss Eastcourt looks only framed for sunshine. How you will miss her."

"Yes; I tell my son he ought to bring me another daughter before I lose Maude, but he does—"

The sentence was never finished, for at that instant Vere came in. He and Dora were introduced.

They both accepted the false position, and acted the pretence that they met for the first time.

It was a mistake.

Lady Isabel had been quite right in saying she should soon lose her daughter. Sir Cecil, who had returned grave and shocked from that expedition to Calais, had urged his suit eagerly.

Vere supported him, expressing a horror of long engagements, and thus the mother's wish for delay was overruled, and it was settled that when the late baronet should have been dead six months Sir Cecil should take Maude to Lake-wood as his bride.

This engagement gave universal satisfaction. Rosamond especially found it charming. She was more thrown with Vere than ever. Only one month of her visit had elapsed.

Surely in the remaining two Vere must yield to the artillery of her blue eyes, and propose that she should remain at the Park as its mistress?

Of her other friend Rose thought little. She knew that Mrs. Hastings had been engaged to Vere, and fancied sometimes he loved her still; but Rose had a strong faith in her own attractions, and if she cordially hated Dora for the love which had ended so fatally she never thought it would in the end affect her own plans.

Of one thing she was determined: Never would she return to the fifth floor of Chateau Thierry.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOMESTIC DISCORD.

In the heart is the prey of the gods,
Who crucify hearts, not hands.

AND now comes the saddest part of Dorothea's story. Having yielded to temptation, having married without love, she ought (I hear some stern moralist declare) to have made the best of her bargain, and not repined at her own work. She ought, from the moment of that meeting

with Vere in the park, to have avoided him, shunned him, neglected him.

Yes, I know all this, and yet I can ask your indulgence for my heroine when I tell you she did nothing of the sort.

Dora told herself she and Vere were lovers no longer; she thought they might be friends; she actually believed love like theirs could change into friendship.

Poor Dora, a friendship may ripen into love, love never has, never will, never can, become friendship. It may change to indifference or hatred—to friendship, never!

So when, in spite of her excuses, her husband urged upon her an intimacy with the Park people, she ceased to struggle and yielded implicitly.

She was very soon more intimate at Eastcourt than was anyone in Blankshire, and she was soon on more familiar terms with Eastcourt's master than anyone on earth, save his sister.

Don't judge her harshly because she believed in platonic friendship, which many people say cannot exist. Remember, pray, she was not twenty-three, a long life stretched out before her, and its one bright spot was Vere's presence.

It was very wrong, very imprudent, but let me tell you it is these women—women with rash, impetuous natures, who act first and think afterwards—who are lovable. Those calm, cold creatures who weigh every action and never stray a hair's breadth from the beaten path approved by Mrs. Grundy, they may attain ten times more esteem; women may love them well, but men will never dare all, risk all, suffer all, for them as for the other type. They are so well able to take care of themselves that it never occurs to others to take care of them.

It is women—living, breathing, acting women for whom life's burdens are borne and life's victories won, not the fair, well-bred creatures who serve to wear Paris fashions, and to keep the world around them cold by the mere contact of their icy touch. I can bear with stupid women, angry women, and suffering women, but I have no patience with a cold woman, it is an anomaly.

So Vere and Dorothea were friends. This young man who obstinately refused to marry and this very charming bride; he was constantly at the Lodge, she was often at Eastcourt. Bryan Hastings perpetually congratulated himself on his choice of a wife able to command the admiration even of a professed woman-shunner.

Lady Isabel thought her son might learn other views of matrimony if he saw much of so fair a specimen of womankind the Lodge and the Park alike approved. No one dreamed these two had ever been lovers, save one woman, whose eyes were sharpened by jealousy.

It never occurred to Dorothea to say to Vere, "What should I do without you?"

He never spoke a word to her the whole world might not have heard. He dropped the use of her grand old name, and called her by her husband's, yet his days were disposed to suit her convenience. She wore his favourite colours, and read his favourite books.

The house which Mr. Hastings had taken in Park Lane was not ready at Easter, and the banker resolved to remain at the Lodge until the beginning of May. He himself was constantly in London, going in by an early train and returning to dinner. He never asked how his wife spent her days so long as she ministered to his pleasure when he was at home.

"Elena," he said to her one day, suddenly, "don't you want to go and see your mother?"

"No," she returned, carelessly, "not at all."

"We have been married three months, and you have never been near her."

"No. Was it not our compact, Mr. Hastings, that I should give up my mother if I became your wife?"

"Certainly not. I should never have wished you to do anything undutiful. I merely said my house could not be her home."

"I know my mother well. She would never have kept to such a bargain. No half measures

would have answered, Mr. Hastings; it was better that she should lose me entirely."

"Did she think so?"

"Oh, yes," very bitterly; "she estimated my society as much inferior to a subscription to the circulating library she could afford if I went away."

"But she knows you are married?"

Dorothea shook her head.

"Mamma thinks I am teaching little French girls how to speak English for twelve pounds a year and my board."

"And you have never heard from her?"

"Never. Mamma does not care about me. She can neither forget nor forgive two facts. The first, that I am so dark; the second, that as I look my full age it is useless for her to deny me."

"I don't like you to talk like that, it sounds bad form. In our sphere daughters always respect their mothers."

"Do they? Well, Mr. Hastings, you would never have married me if I had respected mine."

"You had better go and see her when we are in town."

"No; the parting was final. Park Lane is a good way from her lodgings."

"Your time will certainly be occupied."

"Of course."

"I wish Lady Isabel had been going to London, then she could have presented you."

"Someone else must be my sponsor if I am presented at all. Lady Isabel is too busy preparing for Maude's wedding."

"What do you think of Sir Cecil?"

"That he is worthy of Maude—no small praise."

"I prefer Rosamond Stuart to Miss Eastcourt, myself, she is superb. The Park will certainly have a lovely mistress."

"I don't see," began Dora, petulantly, "why everyone should think Miss Stuart is engaged to Mr. Eastcourt. Can't two people spend three months in one house without falling in love?"

"I don't believe any woman would spend three months at Eastcourt without planning to spend her life there."

"Your opinion is not flattering."

"Money will do all things. Women will do anything for money."

"No," slowly, "money can't do all; not all."

"Well, it has always brought me what I wanted, yourself included, I fancy."

His wife turned and left the room. She often had to listen to such speeches; no wonder she despised the man who made them, yet, worst stab of all, his words were true, his money had bought her. Mr. Hastings followed his wife to her boudoir, a room he seldom entered.

"I expect Lord Marsden this evening. You had better return to the drawing-room. I won't have my guests neglected."

"Entertain him yourself, then. I don't like Lord Marsden."

"He is my friend, and shall meet with every civility in my house."

"From yourself?"

"Mrs. Hastings, I warn you fairly. You will gain nothing by defying me. You are my wife, and if you don't know the duties of your position you must learn them. Lord Marsden is my particular friend."

"Very likely. I can't bear him."

"You never can bear anyone it is your duty to like."

"In fact I am an unsatisfactory bargain," ironically. "You reminded me a little while ago you had bought me, Mr. Hastings. Don't you sometimes regret the purchase? I do often. Not all your gold can make me happy."

"You are always ready to spend that gold, whether or no. More gratitude might make you observe any wishes, considering what you were and what I have made you."

"You have made me the most wretched creature on Heaven's beautiful earth. As to gratitude, I feel none. You did not want a wife, but a slave, who should bear your name that she might never escape your yoke, and none should have power to save her. Rich girls, or girls

who had happy homes, would refuse such a fate. Girls with fathers and brothers to protect them would have been wives not bond-women. Am I to be grateful because you took advantage of my poverty to bring me into servitude?"

"You are talking in a most absurd fashion. You should have thought of this before."

"The time was too short. I was engaged to you for four weeks, which you spent in England and I in France. Report says that someone who had a longer probation did repent her answer and change her mind. I have heard that your disasters in your first matrimonial attempt made you insist upon a short engagement and choose a penniless bride."

Hastings' face was white with fury. He seized hold of her hand and almost crushed it in his iron grasp.

"Remember this, you have everything to lose, nothing to gain in offending me. I will not be insulted in this manner. You are mine, and shall obey me, and feel that I am master."

"You say so often enough."

Hastings pressed her hand cruelly; her lips quivered with pain.

"Of your own free will you married me. You have cast off the only relation you have in the world. You have no one to look to but me. I have been very generous to you. I am willing to be more so, but you must remember what I have done for you, and treat me accordingly."

Dora looked down at her delicate wrist, now discoloured by a purple bruise.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I will remember what you have done for me, and I will treat you accordingly."

He believed she spoke in good faith, and that the day was his. He never saw the bitter irony of her answer.

"I am going now to receive Lord Marsden. Remember, I shall expect to see you in the drawing-room in a few minutes."

Henry Lord Marsden, a small, effeminate-looking young man, soon arrived. He looked round the drawing-room with an air of great disappointment, and hoped Mrs. Hastings was quite well. His anxiety was not prolonged. At that moment Dora came in, a lovely vision in her rich white silk dinner dress, embroidered with flowers of every hue. A plain gold arrow gleamed in her hair; one thick gold bracelet encircled her round white arm; that bracelet had not been on her wrist at dinner. Bryan Hastings must have been very hard of heart not to feel ashamed that his wife was obliged to wear it now; he felt no shame, no remorse, acknowledged no wrong, yet he would hardly have liked his noble friend to see what the bracelet covered, or to know what caused the same.

(To be Continued.)

THE STUDENT OF UPSALA.

Miss Howitt, in her "Life of Frederica Bremer," tells the following story, which is so pleasant and good that it ought to be true, although it is by no means new:

There was, in the early part of this century, a young student lately come to Upsala, the son of a poor widow, who was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning.

As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed: "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said: "It is impossible! Thou art a utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare! It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that, so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them, they stopped, on which, in a modest and straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the governor's daughter:

"It entirely rests with Froken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Froken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

"If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent girl, "I can but comply;" and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong-doing, the young girl went to church, and afterward told her father of the encounter.

The next day the governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter.

But the young man's modest demeanour at once favourably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day one of the most celebrated Swedish philologists. His amiable wife died a few years since.

THE BARONESS OF THE ISLES.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE following day dawned upon the waters of the North Channel through a drizzling mist. Sky and water were alike leaden in hue.

The Norwegian freebooter sped on before a stiff breeze, all sails spread, like some monstrous sea-bird in full flutter.

Soon after daybreak our hero presented himself upon the deck. The captain advanced from a little group of officers to meet him, and gave him civil greeting.

Balder's face was grim and unsmiling, and a sudden chill penetrated to Ivar's soul. Yet the young knight betrayed nothing in his manner of the sudden and great disquietude that had seized upon him.

"You have a fine breeze, captain," he said, marking the course of the vessel as well as he was able by a look at the sky. "Shall you make the English coast?"

"We are sailing northward," responded the Norwegian, laconically.

"You intend to land us, then, in Scotland or Ireland?" questioned Ivar, trying to pierce the thick mist with his glances.

"We shall see," answered Balder. "I will talk with you further, sir knight, concerning the question of ransom after we shall have breakfasted. And breakfast is ready now. Let us go below."

They descended to the cabin. The Lady Matilda and her old nurse had just emerged from their room.

The maiden gave her hand to her lover and bowed her head to the Norwegian, who muttered a compliment upon her appearance and indicated her place at the table.

The lovers took places side by side. The captain and the officers seated themselves, and the meal was served.

There were fresh fish, fresh and salted meats, bread, wine, and ale, all excellent in quality and abundant in quantity.

The captain was silent throughout the repast, but his gaze dwelt upon the fair, sweet face of the maiden with an admiration which was apparent to everyone present, and which added not a little to Ivar's secret disquiet.

After breakfast the officers returned to the deck, leaving the captain alone with his prisoners.

Ivar hastened to bring up again the subject of their release, and Matilda begged the Norwegian to name a sum which he would accept as their ransom.

Balder listened gravely, his rapt gaze scarcely quitting the maiden's countenance.

"The knight is poor," said the captain, when Matilda paused, awaiting his answer, "and cannot afford the ransom. As to your king, I would like to do him an ill service. Since he likes not Ivar, and Ivar is a thorn in Reginald's flesh, I shall let Ivar go free."

"And the maiden?" questioned Ivar, eagerly. "The maiden?" said Balder. "I must have time to think. I cannot fix her ransom without further deliberation."

He would say no more, but hastened to join his officers on deck.

The lovers consulted together, and then also went on deck, attended by the old nurse. Matilda was hopeful, but Ivar was the prey of a secret misgiving which even the maiden's cheerfulness and hopefulness could not overcome.

The day passed slowly. No one, excepting Balder, spoke a word to the prisoners. Night came on, and the captives retired early to their rooms. Another day dawned, bright with sunshine, and again the lovers sought the deck.

The wind was still astern and blowing fresh. Ivar soon ascertained that the course of the vessel remained unaltered.

"The captain intends to land us on the Scottish coast," said Matilda. "He may land us to-day."

Upon being appealed to, Balder refused to declare his intentions. He treated his captives with respect, and was especially attentive to Matilda, and the maiden treated him with grave yet pleasant courtesy, not yet comprehending his designs.

The third day came, with a thick mist and a leaden sky. About the middle of the day, directly after the early dinner, Balder ascended with his prisoners to the deck. They walked forward, and then the Norwegian said, grimly: "Your eyes are keen, sir knight. Do you see any signs of land?"

The lovers gazed eagerly through the thick mist in every direction; and they beheld, not many rods distant from the ship, which had slackened her speed, a grey mass which looked like rock.

"That rock is an island off the Scottish coast," said Balder. "We shall land you here, sir knight. I give you back your freedom without ransom."

"We thank you from our very souls, good Balder," cried Matilda. "You are noble and generous!"

The freebooter smiled grimly. "Is this the mainland?" asked the maiden, chilled by that sinister smile.

"No, it is an island—a mere rock in the sea, desolate and uninhabited," replied Balder. "But fishers visit it often, and Ivar will not suffer long imprisonment upon it."

The vessel soon approached sufficiently near the rock for her purpose, and lay to. The captain ordered a boat to be lowered.

"Now, sir knight, he said, "you may descend. We shall leave provisions with you to last a day or two. They are already in the boat. Now, sir."

Matilda laid her hand in that of her lover, but Balder tore her from Ivar's grasp, and held her tightly.

"Unhand the lady!" cried the knight, his eyes blazing, his form drawn up in an attitude of menace. "What does this mean?"

The Norwegian laughed softly.

"It means," he said, "that I give you your freedom, sir knight, but the lady must belong to me. She is my trophy—my spoil of war."

"I will not leave the ship without her."

"You will not? Ha, ha! We shall see. Certain it is she shall not go. Did you think me insensible to the beauty that fired the heart of Reginald? I love the maiden, and I have sworn

that she shall be mine. She shall wed no nameless knight, no king of Man, but a Norwegian viking whose home is on the sea, and to whom all the nations pay tribute. She shall have a grand destiny—so get thee gone."

He waved his hand in an imperious gesture, which Ivar barely noticed. The maiden, more angry and indignant than frightened, struggled with her enemy.

Ivar bounded forward and planted a stinging blow full in the face of the freebooter, who staggered back, loosening his hold upon Matilda.

In an instant the rough crew swarmed around the little group, flushed and eager to interfere, yet not daring to do so until their master should give the word of command.

Balder recovered himself upon the instant, and his brawny form quivered in every muscle, and his blue eyes glowed like living coals, as with hoarse breathing he hurled himself forward upon his lighter antagonist.

A short and sharp conflict ensued. Balder was getting the worst of it, his breath coming in quick gasps, his motions becoming uncertain, his blows wild, when his chief officers rushed between the combatants, and a dozen arms pinioned our hero.

Ivar fought his horde of assailants with the energy of desperation, yet, in spite of his coolness and lion-like courage and strength, he was very soon bound and helpless and lying upon the deck.

"Shall he be put to death, Captain?" asked the chief officer.

Balder hesitated.

He was sorely tempted to have Ivar slain, but his love for Matilda restrained him. To destroy Ivar would be to destroy all chance of his ever winning her affection.

Leniency to Ivar might win her gratitude and induce her to regard him with some degree of kindness.

So he reasoned, and he smothered his hatred of the young knight, and answered:

"No, let him live. Put him in the boat and convey him ashore!"

The Lady Matilda pleaded to be allowed to go ashore with her lover.

With tears and anguish she implored Balder to let her go.

She assured him that she could never love him, that if he held her captive she should hate him; but she might as well have talked to a stone.

The freebooter heard her in dead silence, and then motioned to two of his officers, who placed themselves at her side as her custodians.

Ivar was carried to the side of the vessel and lowered into the small boat. The rowers descended, and the boat moved away through the mist to the island.

Matilda broke from her guards and rushed to the side of the vessel, but her enemies rushed after her and held her fast.

The steady dipping of the oars resounded through the stillness.

Then it ceased, and Ivar was borne ashore, and his bonds, save those confining his hands, were removed.

These last were loosened. The Norwegians returned to their boat, and one of their number said:

"You can easily work your hands free now, sir Ivar. Three cheers for the bride of Balder!"

The sailors cheered and hastened back to the ship.

Ivar stood up in the mist upon the desolate rock of the lonely, uninhabited island, and stared at the vessel with wild and haggard eyes, his soul in an agony of fury and despair.

And now the ship began slowly to move. How like a spectre she looked in the thick mist!

How strange and unreal she seemed. Her wet sails, her dark hull, the crowd upon her deck—all seemed strangely like a vision.

Ivar wrenched his hands from their bonds and ran up and down the rocks, while the ship slowly receded through the mist.

He could not distinguish the forms upon her

deck, but suddenly and sharply, piercing the thick, slow rain, came the cry of a woman in utter anguish,—the cry of his betrothed!

That cry went to Ivar like the knell of doom.

He dropped down upon the wet rocks as if stunned.

And she ship sailed away, bearing Matilda to unknown regions, in the power of a cruel and terrible foe.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT piercing shriek of the poor young Lady Matilda, which had wrung through Ivar's soul like the knell of doom, was the last conscious utterance of the maiden for many hours. As it left her lips she fell forward into the arms of her old nurse in a swoon so like unto death that the old woman for a moment really feared that she was dead.

The chief officer gathered up the slight and helpless figure in his arms and bore it below, depositing it in the lower berth of Matilda's room.

Then he hurried away to attend upon his captain, while Mary ministered to her young mistress.

Balder had received a severe pummeling at the hands of Ivar. His eyes were swollen to such an extent that he could scarcely see. His visage was battered and bruised out of shape, and he felt sore in every joint. Naturally, he did not present himself at Matilda's door throughout that day, but he sent his chief officer and his steward at frequent intervals, with inquiries and with strengthening draughts.

Matilda aroused from one swoon only to sink into another and another. It was late in the afternoon, and the little room was filling with shadows, when she struggled to her elbow and looked up at her old nurse with woeful, piteous eyes and wan, white features.

"Oh, Mary," she whispered, "is it all true? Ivar—"

"Was left upon an island off the Scottish coast at midday," interrupted the sensible old woman, in a matter-of-fact way. "The fishers stop often at the island. To-morrow he may find friends and start homewards or for England."

"Then he is safe!" breathed the maiden, infected with the old nurse's cheerful spirit. "But what is to become of me, Mary? Did you hear what Balder said? He—he talked of love—of love for me. He means to carry me to Norway."

Old Mary looked anxious and troubled.

"I know what he said, my lady," she responded. "I know that he has fixed his evil, longing eyes upon you, and that he means to make you his bride. If he takes you to Norway, it will be to some lonely coast or island castle, thronged with his minions, and where no help can ever reach you. If we reach Norway you are lost. But something may happen. Something may interfere to baulk him of his desire. The Lord is everywhere—even upon the freebooter's vessel. You have served Him all through your pure and gentle life, my lady, and surely He will not desert you now in your extremity."

A gleam of reviving hope lit up the pure, pale face of the maiden.

"He will not desert those who trust in Him," said the girl, softly. "And I trust Him. Even though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

She covered her eyes and was silent, and the old nurse knew that she was praying. That wild and silent outpouring of an anguished soul was more for Ivar than for herself, for the young knight was far dearer to her than her own safety.

Presently the Lady Matilda looked up again with sweet, serene eyes and countenance overpread with a holy calm.

"It will be all right, Mary," she said, gently. "We are not defenceless even here. But what is that noise? What is happening?"

She had just become conscious of strange

noises on the deck and in the outer air—noises to which old Mary had listened during the last hour with anxiety and forebodings. Men were running to and fro on the deck. Orders were being given in the Norwegian language, and in hoarse, loud voices.

The rattling of cordage, the shrieking of the wind, the wild dashing of the waves, told only too clearly that a storm was in progress.

"We shall have a bad night, my lady," said the old nurse. "The wind changed soon after midday, and we are not twenty miles—perhaps not ten miles—from the island where the knight Ivar was put ashore."

"Let us go on deck," said Matilda. "I shall feel nearer to him there. I can scarcely get my breath in this close room."

"You must have food before you venture out into the storm," said the prudent attendant. "I will order something for you directly."

She went out into the cabin and gave her order to the steward. Then returning, she assisted her young mistress to arise and wash and dress.

She brushed the long silken hair and coiled it around Matilda's head, and last of all assisted her to put on the thick cloak and hood which, being made of heavy wool and of close texture, were nearly impervious to rain.

By the time the maiden's toilet was completed, the steward appeared with a wooden tray, upon which were cold meats, hot cakes, and a tankard of hot mulled ale fragrant with spices.

Matilda ate without appetite and drank half the ale. A pleasant warmth began to pervade her chilled frame, and she urged her nurse to drink what remained.

Old Mary not only did this, but she consumed the food also, and then prepared herself for a visit to the deck.

By this time the wind was blowing a gale. The vessel was pitching and tossing frightfully. Loose articles were banging from wall to wall, as if tossed by invisible hands.

Mistress and maid clung to each other and to the walls and railings as they crossed the cabin and ascended the companion-way. They halted at the top.

The night was nearly as dark as pitch. Men could be seen only as shadows, save in the glare of the lanterns that had been hung to the masts.

Under one of these lanterns stood Balder, bandaged and muffled, yet on active duty. The ship was scudding under bare poles. The deck was slippery, being drenched with occasional waves that dashed over nearly its entire surface.

"Had we not better go below, my lady?" questioned the attendant. "We shall get wet to the skin, or washed overboard, if we stay here."

"There is danger abroad," said the maiden. "We are as safe on deck as below, and I prefer to face the peril."

"Where you stay I shall stay," said old Mary, determinedly. "Our fates shall be the same. Heaven knows that if you die, my lady, I do not want to live!"

"There is a coil of rope yonder, just beyond the circle of light from that lantern," said the girl. "It is lashed to the deck to prevent it being washed away. Let us sit upon that coil. We can cling to it and be as safe there as below."

Arm in arm, the pair crept cautiously over the deck, now sliding, now reeling, now half-falling until they reached the desired haven. They fancied that they had not been noticed, but they had scarcely taken a secure position when Balder approached them.

In the fitful red glare of the lantern, with his red face all seamed with white patches, with one eye covered, he looked actually hideous. Matilda averted her face from him. In her resentment against him, and in the utter loathing she had conceived for him, she desired not to speak to him, nor even notice his presence by a glance.

"It's a wild night," said the freebooter, in a conciliating voice. "The wind has changed

since noon, and is blowing us back toward the island we made at midday. Are you frightened, Lady Matilda?"

The maiden did not vouchsafe an answer, but stared at the inky waters with their white-crested waves.

"You are safe upon this vessel, my lady," continued Balder, seeing that she did not intend to reply. "The old 'Frida' has rode out many a gale, and was none the worse afterward. There is nothing to fear—except that we may be blown upon some of the rocks off the Scottish coast," he added, gloomily, giving utterance to his secret fears. "I wish we had more sea room. I wish the wind would shift to another quarter and blow us out to sea, instead of towards the land."

He walked away unsteadily to consult his chief officer. The two prisoners could see that the frightful calamity of shipwreck was feared. No anchor could ride in such a gale. Every sail was close-reefed. The masts bent to the storm. The creaking of masts and cordage grew more distinct; the sea roared like a devouring monster, and the ship groaned as in agony of approaching doom.

Now the ship seemed endowed with life. She bounded onward before the wind and waves like a frightened gull. She pitched and tossed; she rose on the swell and sunk in the trough of the sea. Now a wave swept over her deck, drenching the two women with spray, and carrying away loose articles.

And now one of the masts creaked and groaned and fell on the deck, snapping short off and breaking into pieces. Several men were buried under it, and of these five were killed, and three badly injured.

These last were taken below and cared for, and the sailors went to work to clear the ship of the debris.

Before the work was half completed another sound struck upon the hearing of those on board the "Frida"—a low and sullen roar, deep and steady and monotonous, sounding as if a long way off.

"What is that?" asked Matilda, clinging to the coil of rope and to her companion.

"That," said Balder, coming up behind the pair, his face pallid, "that is the sound of breakers."

"Breakers?"

"We are being driven straight upon the rocks, and nothing can help us!" said Balder. "We are going direct to death—to a horrible, terrible death!"

Matilda uttered no cry of fear.

She was brave and calm in this hour of mortal peril.

Her thoughts flew to her lover, and she said, quietly:

"You said that we were near the island on which we left Ivar. Do you think we shall be wrecked upon that same island?"

"I cannot tell. It is impossible to tell exactly where we are. But we were near that island when the night fell. It is very probable that we may be wrecked upon that rock, although it is not the only island in this vicinity."

Matilda did not reply. Perhaps there was comfort to her in the thought that, if she must perish so untimely, fate might carry her dead body to her lover's feet.

The roar of the breakers grew louder.

"Get out the boats!" commanded the captain. "A boat will scarcely live in such a sea, even if we can manage to lower it, but we will make an effort for our lives. Get out the boats."

The women clung to each other and whispered how loud that roar of the breakers was growing.

The sailors hurried to and fro, in wild confusion.

Oaths and angry exclamations mingled.

A boat was lowered hastily, a dozen men spring into her, and she was swamped the next instant.

An appalling shriek, in which a dozen voices mingled, and the vessel sped on before wind and wave, and the black waters closed above the doomed men.

The maiden drew a long, sobbing breath as she whispered:

"Courage, Mary; the struggle is brief. Let us not think of the cruel sea, but of the Heaven of which it is for us the gateway. Ah! what is that?"

A red light had suddenly shot up into the great darkness—a light which was stationary, and which was, therefore, on land.

In the lurid flare, which streamed out far and wide, the grim outlines of rocky bluffs were seen, and a tall peak was dimly visible in the background.

"That is the island upon which we left Ivar," said Balder, with a strange smile; "fate has driven us to his arms. He must have seen our vessel driving forward before dark, and with this wind he perhaps expected us to be driven straight into his hands. He has managed to light a fire for our reception. We shall soon be in his presence, fair lady, dead or alive. Ah! the wind is shifting, but too late to save us. But is it too late? There may be a chance for us yet."

But a momentary glance showed him there was no chance of escape from those yawning rocks.

It was impossible for the current to change so soon, and it was steadily driving towards the breakers.

"And that is Ivar's light?" murmured the maiden, feeling somehow warned by that red glare, and so absorbed as to be oblivious as to the change of wind and Balder's temporary hopefulness. "Ivar is so near. Oh, that I was with him!"

"There's a ledge of rocks outlying the island," said the freebooter; "we shall strike on that. You and I will be with Ivar before dawn, but your body will be lifeless. Should you by any chance survive, why, I am stronger than you, and I shall be alive, too, to claim you. Living or dead, Matilda, you are mine."

A long white line was now plainly visible between them and the distant light. Under that glittering foam lay a black line of rocks, like a lurking beast of prey.

"We are almost there," said Balder. "A few minutes more, and the worst will be over. Here, old woman, I'll give you a chance for your life. If we survive you will be useful to us."

He caught up a piece of rope and bound the two women securely to a great section of the mast.

He had scarcely accomplished the task, and was about to secure himself similarly, the end of the rope yet hanging loose in his hands, when the ship rushed headlong upon the sharp rocks.

Balder precipitated himself upon the section of mast to which the women were secured, and a great wave swept them off the breaking ship into the yeast of waters.

(To be Continued.)

BIG FRAID AND LITTLE FRAID.

An old sea-captain, who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild, harum-scarum nephew living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to do anything in its proper time.

Among the rest, he could never get him to drive the cows up to milk before dark; he had to drive them up from a back pasture through the bush. Finally, the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid! What is that? I never saw a fraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some of these nights if you don't get the cows up before dark," said the captain, meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk, as usual, before he went after the cows. The captain took a sheet and followed him. Now the

captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and monkey-like, took a table-cloth and followed the captain at a respectful distance.

The captain went into the middle of the wood, where there was a big log by the side of the path.

Going out to the furthest end of it, he wound his sheet around him, got on it, and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came along with the cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

"Hullo, what is that?" he shouted. "By golly, I guess it's a fraid!" And then, spying the monkey, he sung out: "By Jerusalem! if there ain't two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around, when he beheld, for the first time, his ghostly companion.

He thought it was a fraid sure enough. The old captain streaked it; for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, or little fraid'll catch you!"

BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of: "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Leo," etc.

CHAPTER LV.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

What are fears but voices airy,
Whispering harm where harm is not.
WORDSWORTH.

ANOTHER week has passed, and our scene changes from the banks of the Thames to Great Barmouth.

The March winds blow keenly and shrilly though the month is drawing near its close; indeed the weather has been particularly keen and tempestuous. Many fishing-smacks belonging to the place have been lost; three wrecks of large vessels during the past week have occurred within view of the town, involving the loss of many lives, besides much valuable property.

Perhaps these calamities, occurring as they did under their very eyes, made the people of this overgrown fishing port and fashionable watering-place more indifferent to more distant events than they might otherwise have been; for the news that Basil Rossburn was in the goal at Barchester, the county town, twenty miles off, awaiting his trial for a murder perpetrated at Barmouth six years ago, excited little or no attention or interest.

With the exception of a few persons who had been connected with those directly interested in the tragedy on board the "Pretty Kitty," the whole affair had been forgotten. Many people who had wondered and speculated about the matter at the time had either left the town or died; and of the jurymen by whose verdict Basil Rossburn had been declared guilty of wilful murder, only two, Robert Crabtree, the foreman, and a certain Mr. David Dawes, were alive and still resident in the town.

The present Mrs. Crabtree's opinion of that verdict, we, as well as her husband, have already had the privilege of hearing; indeed that poor man had been favoured with so many repetitions of the same, that at last, in a fit of desperation, he admitted that he knew she was quite right; that he and his fellow jurymen had made a mistake, and that he had tried to screen his nephew, adding a detailed account of the manner in which George Crabtree had afterwards broken into his house and stolen the cash-box.

"Very well, Robert," returned Meg, satisfied with her victory. "You'll never hear me re-

proach you about this matter again, but mind, if ever Basil does return, I'll expect you to speak up like a man."

"All right, my dear, be sure I'll do it," was the careless response, and so the matter was laid aside and half forgotten.

This was more than five years ago. Robert Crabtree had not only grown stout and prosperous in the interval, but had nearly lost all recollection of his nephew and the inquest, and now his memory was jogged very unpleasantly, and more than that, he was now required by his wife to keep his word and acknowledge publicly the error he had committed.

Not an agreeable thing for a man who holds his head high among his fellows, and who rather prides himself on never having been found out in a mistake in his life, but Meg was inexorable, and the ropemaker found it impossible to invent excuses or to discover any means of escape.

Another person who was much agitated by the news of Basil Rosburn's return was Mrs. Growler, *née* Diana Brook.

Never had she forgotten Crabtree clambering up the side of her father's house on the night of the murder, or the stains of blood which she had wiped from the window-sill after her quondam lover had again departed.

All the old sentiment which she had once felt for George Crabtree had long since departed.

She had been a happy wife and mother for several years, and the past seemed only like an ugly dream when she looked at her three fine, healthy children and saw in their faces some of the beauty that had once been so conspicuous in her own.

Now, with the knowledge that Basil Rosburn, as they still called him, was in prison, came back the old pain and horror, and Katie Jessop looking into her eyes at the moment, felt convinced that she could add something to the weight of evidence that would either condemn to death or set Basil free.

She knew Diana was peculiar in her manner and temperament, so she bided her time until they were alone; then suddenly turning upon her uncle's wife, she said:

"Di, if uncle were going to be hanged, and I knew something that would save him if I spoke out, and yet I didn't speak, but let him die because of my silence, what would you call me? What should I be in the eyes of men as well of the Lord?"

"No, no," exclaimed the woman, covering her face with her hands; "not that. It mightn't save him; not that."

"I should be a murderess," pursued Katie, sternly, "and that is what you will be, Diana, if, knowing what will save an innocent man from death you nevertheless withhold your evidence and keep silent," and she rose to go.

But Diana caught hold of her dress frantically, as she said:

"Don't go, Katie. I never mentioned it to any creature. I wanted to save him as long as it couldn't do anybody else any harm, but now, the innocent mustn't suffer for the guilty. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Tell me; you can trust me not to use what you say to the injury of anyone, can't you?"

"Yes," reluctantly. Then she told her story, adding:

"I loved him, you know, Katie; I knew that I could never marry him after what I found out that night, but still the feeling wouldn't leave me all at once, and I couldn't be the only one to go and swear his life away. I've never seen him since the day I told him I'd done with him; he half suspected I knew something, but he wasn't sure."

"I have seen him since," returned Katie, bitterly, and this is not the only crime he has committed; if he can be found, he will be hung without your help, whether you speak or not. It is not to convict George Crabtree, but to save Basil, that you ought to speak; if you don't, you'll be a miserable woman for the rest of your days."

And she turned as though about to seek the door, when she became conscious that a man was looking in at the window.

Only for a second! Then he was gone. But was it fancy, and because they were talking of him that Katie thought it was the miscreant Crabtree himself?

For a moment she stood still; frightened, terrified; the next she ran to the door and looked carefully and suspiciously around.

Whoever the man might be, he had disappeared, and no human being, save a cripple, who hobbled along lamely with the help of crutches, could be seen.

Naturally it never occurred to the girl that this could be the man who had stood upright and active enough, looking in upon her but a few minutes before.

She could see nothing to confirm her suspicions, yet the very idea of Crabtree's presence unnerved poor Katie, and she determined to remain where she was until her uncle's return. Nor was her stay in vain.

Before she took her leave, Diana had given her permission to repeat what she had said to Basil's lawyer, and to add that, if necessary, she would come forward and give evidence as to what she knew of the way in which Crabtree spent part of that fatal night.

"If that man could only be caught," she pondered, as she walked back to the ropemaker's house, "the matter would soon be cleared up, and perhaps Basil would not have to undergo the ordeal of a trial after all."

But she said nothing about this as she entered the house, for Minnie Garland was a guest there with herself, and it was Katie's role to talk with her friend as though the enquiry and trial, if there must be one, were merely matters of form.

For her own part, she had heard many adverse opinions, and many suggestions to the prejudice of the handsome young prisoner, and she was by no means so sanguine about the result of the trial as she assumed to be.

"A doubtful result would be almost as bad," she thought, "as a verdict of 'Guilty,' and it will not be enough to prove Basil innocent, but the real murderer ought to be found and punished."

Easily said, but how was it to be accomplished? And yet that very day her dress brushed against the ruffian she was so anxious to discover. Could she have known it? He almost thought she did, for she started, shuddered, and looked around, as though seeking for something or someone.

But his disguise was too perfect for her to penetrate it, and the only thing in favour of her desire that he should be caught, was that he was altogether ignorant of Basil's arrest. Had he known of it, he would have hastened from Great Barmouth with all possible expedition as a man flying for his very life.

He had come here, however, to get something out of his uncle by fair means, fraud, or violence, it mattered little to him which, provided the end was gained, and he never dreamed of the risk he was running.

That night Katie and her aunt Meg had a long consultation together, the result of which I must defer to another chapter.

CHAPTER LVI.

KATIE'S HOPES AND FEARS.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers.
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

MOORE.

On all those whom Basil's imprisonment affected or had any influence upon, Meg Crabtree decidedly made the most fuss.

"Put him in goal!" she exclaimed, "as though he hadn't suffered enough, poor boy; pretty law and justice, to be sure, and my husband at the bottom of it, but I'll go and see him, poor little fellow; he's the only one of all the 'prentices that ever I took to."

"He's far from little," expostulated Katie; "he was as tall as uncle when he was lost, and he's grown a good bit since."

"He was little enough when he first came to

us," returned Meg, sharply; "but I'm going to Barchester to see him myself, that's what I am."

"Pray don't, auntie, he sent by his father to beg that neither Minnie nor I would come; he has naturally a horror of seeing anyone who knows him while he is in prison."

"A parcel of fine ladies, of course he has, but I'm old enough to be his mother, and I'm the only woman who's been like a mother to him. He'll be glad enough to see me, I'll warrant; anyway I shall go, and I'll hear the story from his own lips, and I'll know the rights on it. I'll go to Barchester to-morrow, I've made up my mind to that, so you know it's no use to say any more about it."

The last assertion was unanswerable. Marriage had not softened Meg Topsam as it does some women. Perhaps it came too late in life; perhaps Robert Crabtree had not in him the mental power and weight of character with which to impress feelings of veneration, esteem, or obedience, upon his better half; be this as it may, Meg had certainly been much more independent or self-willed since her marriage than she had ever been before, and even Katie had to yield more to her than in the old days she used to.

Indeed, the only person who could have cured Mrs. Meg was her own husband, and he, with the blindness of his old affection which marriage had not spoiled, believed that whatever she did was quite right, and the very best thing that could be done.

Thus it happened that the following morning Mrs. Crabtree, attired in that costly Indian shawl which Colonel Chartres had given her fully six years ago; a black silk dress, innocent of train and flounces, and a black velvet bonnet, which, thanks to Katie, had only one red flower in it, started off to Barchester, with a pair of black gloves in her hand, which she had been solemnly enjoined to put on before she presented herself at the prison.

"Basil will be vexed enough," said Minnie, in an accent of complaint, as her hostess started on her errand.

"I don't agree with you," was Katie's reply, while her cheeks slightly flushed and her eyes sparkled brightly; "unless Basil has greatly changed," she went on, "he will welcome aunt more eagerly than he would you. But for her, his early life would have been one of much greater hardship and misery than it really was, and though we were obliged to hide it from Uncle Growler, Basil was treated as though he had been his own brother."

"But he was the son of a gentleman," asserted Minnie, in a petulant tone, very unlike herself.

Her friend looked at her for a moment in supreme surprise, then she said, coldly:

"And I am the daughter of a gentleman; but Basil came to us as a parish apprentice; do you think, under the circumstances, he would have been treated as a friend and an equal in your own home?"

"No, Katie. Forgive me. I am so miserable that it makes me bitter and unjust to those who are kindest and dearest to me. But imagine anyone you loved. Imagine Percy locked up in a horrible prison, just, too, when he and you knew you were all the world to each other."

Katie blushed. Her own love affairs had not been so satisfactory or prosperous as to make her lose sympathy with others less fortunate than herself, and though it was delightful to know beyond doubt that Percy Rosburn loved her, it was still unsatisfactory to feel that she was not engaged to him.

Colonel Chumleigh's inopportune visit had effectually interrupted her explanation with Percy, when the latter began to speak of his love at the Willows, and since that time, circumstances, rather than any fault of their own, had conspired to prevent them from returning to the subject.

True, Percy had written her a letter, which, I must admit, though I do so in the strictest confidence, she had carried about with her, enclosed in a little silken bag, which she wore suspended round her neck.



[A DECISIVE QUESTION.]

One would have given her credit, not knowing this fact, for a little more of what our American cousins would call "strong-mindedness," but truth must be told, and there inside her dress that treasured letter was kept. There was not much in it either. So little indeed, that it did not even ask for an answer.

"KATIE, my darling," it began, "I was telling you I loved you when that idiot interrupted us, but I believe I must have loved you from the first hour we met. Also, I cannot help thinking and hoping that you have known it. I shall see you soon. Don't write a reply, I would rather hear the assurance from your own sweet lips, and read it in your own dear eyes. I say 'don't write,' but if I am mistaken, and my future life is to be the blank it must be without you by my side, spare me the agony of hearing you say it, and send me a line to tell me so.

"Your own till death,
"PERCY."

This was the epistle Katie carried about with her. She had not replied to it. She was looking for the writer day by day, and still he came not.

It was an awkward position to be in, for Minnie would talk of Percy and her just as she would speak of herself and Basil, and thus Katie not knowing really what her own position was, though she had no doubt as to what it would be, felt diffident and uncomfortable, and feared that in accepting the appearance of things, she was, in some measure, sailing under false colours.

With these thoughts in her mind she sat at the window of the drawing-room which commanded a view of the river and the quay, with the fishing-smacks drawn up alongside for the purpose of loading or unloading cargo, and watched the crowds of people that were constantly passing to and fro.

There was always a fascination about the view of this spot to Katie, and for hours she would sit and watch the sailors and fisher-boys and men, herself comparatively unnoticed since

this was the only room in the house that commanded this view, and it had been added to the original building during the last five years, since Mr. Crabtree's second marriage.

Thus it was that Katie sat at the deep bay window and watched one man in particular who had no thought that the house so close by could command the slightest glimpse of him. He was a cripple, if one might judge by the crutches he used whenever he attempted to move, and there was nothing attractive or bright in his appearance, but still the girl's eyes were riveted upon him, though why she could not have said. Something about him, however, puzzled her and yet seemed familiar, and once—surely it could not have been fancy—he took a step without his crutches, as firmly and carelessly as if he were quite able to do without them.

"If it should be George Crabtree," she thought. "If I could but catch him, Basil would be saved the ignominy of a trial, and only the guilty would suffer."

At length, as she continued to watch the man, the doubt resolved itself into something like certainty, and she started up, hastily attired herself in hat and cloak, and walked out towards the quay to convince herself either that this was the man they all sought, or that her suspicions were wholly unfounded.

Only a few minutes elapsed before she reached the spot where she had seen the cripple, but when she arrived there he was gone. In vain she looked about for him; he was nowhere to be seen, and yet, had she but known it, he was but a few steps off. He had seen her coming, and though he quite believed his disguise to be perfect, he still shrank from exposing himself to the scrutiny of those clear blue eyes.

"She recognised my voice once," he muttered, "and she'd know me however I was made up."

For this reason he took shelter in a sloop moored to the side of the quay, and Katie's search for the time was in vain.

"I am sure he is here," muttered the girl,

when she found herself baffled; "quite sure. I have heard that murderers always return to the scene of their crimes, and if it be so this wretch can't keep away if he is free. Once let us catch him—once let us bring half his crimes home to him, and Basil will be safe. The dear old colonel will be happy with his son, Minnie will marry Basil, and I—"

She put no more of her thoughts into words, but the soft flush of anticipated happiness made it unnecessary, particularly as she had no listeners.

After a time, her search being unavailing, Katie strolled off towards the sea, but it was well for her that she did not indulge in one of her old solitary rambles, also, that before she had left the more frequented part of the beach she encountered her uncle's wife, Diana, with her two children by her side, for she was followed. The old passion which in this man's heart had never quite slept or been extinguished had revived, and he was desperate enough and vile enough to be capable of any iniquity. But Diana and her children were a guard to her, and when she returned to Minnie, whom she had left alone, she little dreamed of the danger which had been so near at hand.

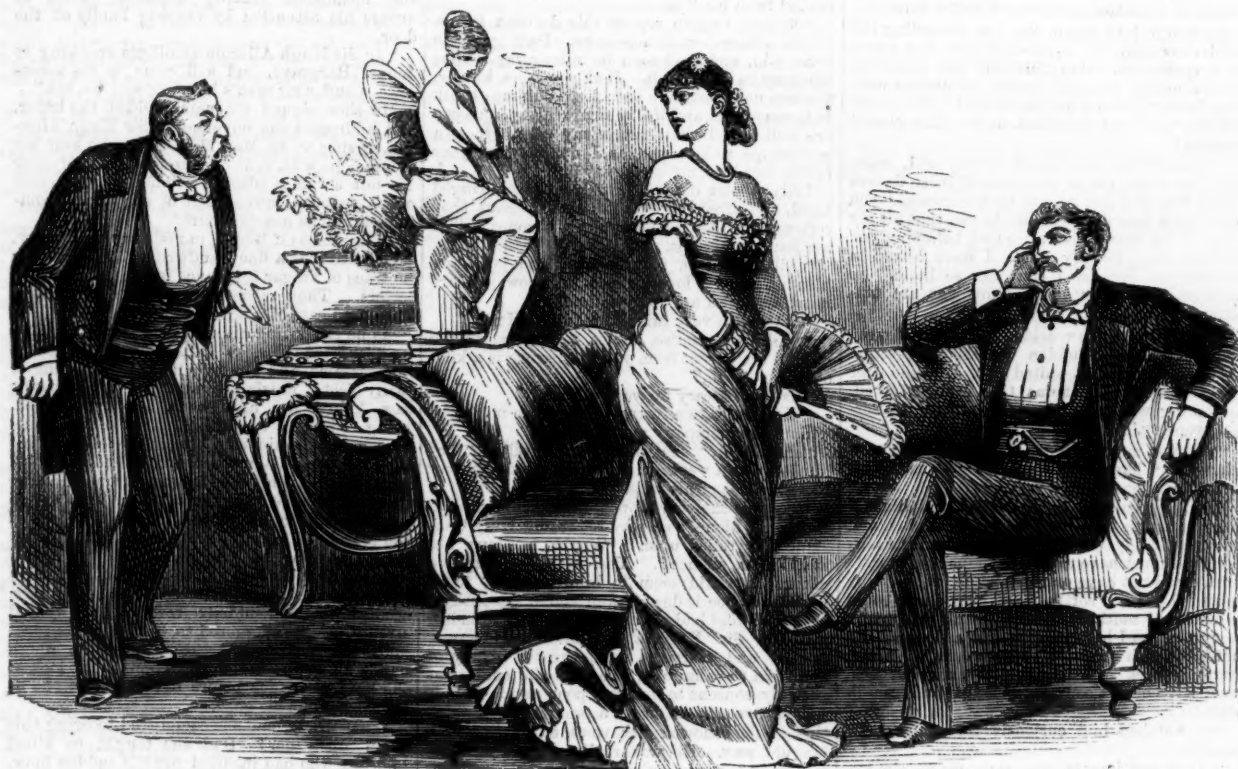
But her aunt Meg had not returned from Barchester; already she was more than due, and Katie was thinking of sending someone to the station to meet her or inquire about the trains, when a loud cry and the sound of a scuffle was heard outside the house, and Meg's voice could be clearly distinguished shouting out:

"Murder! thieves! murder! murder! Hold him! For heaven's sake hold him!"

"They have met!" was Katie's thought, but her heart sank within her. If Mrs. Crabtree had attempted to grapple with her husband's nephew alone the chances of success were certainly against her.

But before Katie could reach the scene of action a crowd had collected and hid the combatants from sight.

(To be Continued.)



[LADY VIOLET AT HOME.]

LADY VIOLET'S VICTIMS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER VICTIM IS ENLIGHTENED.

Fain would I speak the thoughts I bear to thee
But they do choke and fester in my throat,
And make me like a child.

The drawing-room door opened, and Sir Hugh Allerton in evening dress, looking every inch a picture of a well-bred Englishman, entered, and bowing low over Lady Violet's hand, seated himself by her side.

Never had the dazzling colours of her complexion looked more lovely than at this moment. Never had her natural grace been more captivating. The perfect lips had lost the hardness of that delicate cut which made them look like a straight line, and her eyes flashed with that fierce and intoxicating fire which Sir Hugh considered made the expression of all other eyes weak and tame. His own gentleness and amiability made him admire this striking contrast to himself.

Lady Violet was a born coquette, and never forgot to study the charm of attitude. Her ringed hand stole to the diamond aigrette that adorned her magnificent hair, and then fell slowly to her side, as she said:

"You wrote and said we might expect you here to-night. Well, hasn't severe flirting at Brighton changed your fidelity?"

She coquetted sweetly with her fan as she spoke, endeavouring to slay her victim with a bright but heartless smile, and rising, rang the bell.

The butler promptly answered the summons. "I wish two cups of strong black coffee brought to me at once, and do you know if that gipsy Aphra has been seen lately in the neighbourhood?"

"No, my lady," the man answered. "The

last news we heard of her was that she was in prison for theft."

Sir Hugh started.

"Why, wasn't that gipsy some connection of the landscape gardener I felt an interest in? Poor——"

"Can you pity thieves, Sir Hugh, when you are so strictly honest yourself?"

"Yes, sometimes, 'pon honour. You know circumstances alter cases. If she were starving or——"

"You may retire," said Lady Violet to the butler, who looked surprised at the freedom of the baronet's social ethics.

"I'm afraid I am not conservative enough in my views, but I do so love and pity the poor. I can't pass a destitute child or beggar in the street without giving it some modest dole—sixpence, you know—or a shilling when it's handy; it seems a sort of atonement to them for being tolerably well off myself."

She looked at him with a sort of polite despair.

"Without mental or moral training, and yet perhaps with exalted powers, even genius, if it were developed, thousands of human beings are left to be dragged up anyhow. Books may, alas, only torture them with hunger at their elbow; love may pierce them, ambition deride them. Their ignorance and their yearnings will make them dangerous to society and to the public. They steal and they are imprisoned as wild and lawless animals, when moral influences, kindness and happiness, might have made them sublime."

"Dear me, what a philanthropist! We shall next have you turning missionary, or taking a post as prison chaplain."

The young man sighed. He looked haggard and careworn. The dead man, Sir Phoenix, had left him almost as bitter a heritage as his unfortunate brother—debts on all sides; and he was too high-minded and unselfish to shirk moral responsibilities. His usually light manner had changed.

Lady Violet noticed this and began to believe

there was some truth in the reports recently propagated. He loved this haughty woman on whom the dancing fire-light played as if it caressed her beauty, and he was about to test her love for him by a probing process that has enlightened many men of the worth of feminine sincerity. Her thoughts instantly turned to Lionel Hargrave. Had Sir Hugh heard the reason of his departure?

"Have you again seen the landscape gardener, Sir Hugh?"

"No, not since the time I told you of. He seemed in great trouble. He said he had lost his wife. The fellow has a well-born look about him that makes one doubt his gipsy origin."

"A gutter child has often as patrician features as a prince; nature gives no especial attribute to rank; rather the contrary sometimes," said Lady Violet, coldly.

"But Hargrave has an original mind, quite superior to his class. I don't mean to lose sight of him. I'm half inclined to try him as my valet."

Again the flush of angry warmth stole to Lady Violet's cheek; she changed the conversation. There was nothing demonstrative in her manner as she said, when the butler entered with the coffee on a silver plate:

"Take a cup of coffee, Sir Hugh, you look tired."

Sir Hugh put his cup down on a superb ebony cabinet, inlaid with finest ivory, standing near the conservatory door, that far surpassed any works of art of the Renaissance, and pallor spread itself over his features like some mental snow-drift. The indifference in the tones of a voice dearest of all on earth to him was almost more than he could bear. He took up her heavily-scented sandal-wood fan and looked at the small Chinese figures carved on it, with the air of a man who can hardly summon dignity to his aid in resisting a blow.

Lady Violet perceived his agitation, but being of a crystallised hardness herself thought it mere stupidity. People without nerves of extreme

fineness are apt to look upon all sensibility in others as weakness and want of savoir faire.

Sir Hugh laid down the fan, regarding the richly-brocaded lemon-coloured silk with a sort of stupefaction. Had this cold and merciless woman merely amused herself by flirting with him during the past acquaintance? Was there nothing real and steadfast under that glacial bearing?

"Violet," he murmured, rising and, man-like, shattering two of the inane Chinese figures on the fan as a sort of aid to his speech, "you must know how dear you are to me, that all my hope of the future is centred on believing you will one day be my wife. I have feared to address you because I can offer so little," he went on, huskily, "and I know you are ambitious."

Lady Violet drew aside a lemon-coloured frounce with a sudden petulant gesture. Petulant, however, suited her, it made her appear less cold. It was then as she feared, something was decidedly wrong with the Allerton property."

"Ah, you mean you are poor," she said, with a laugh. "There is not such a wonderful secret in that, is there?"

Sir Hugh coloured. He had denied himself many pleasures to pay off his father's debts, and he wished Lady Violet had appreciated his self-denial, it must have made it so much sweeter."

"I could not have our old name blighted by debts," he said, softly, "so long as I could clear them! neither could I bear that human beings, whom I had never seen or known, should suffer through my father, Sir Phoenix Allerton's, extravagances and crimes. My money, then, must have been a constant reproach and humiliation."

She watched him curiously for a few brief seconds.

"Your sentiments are very magnanimous, Sir Hugh; I wonder what the Count D'Orsay or Beau Brummell would have thought of them? They are also amusing as studies: you mean to perhaps absorb my wealth also in this pretty but costly sacrifice, and I think if you succeed in doing so, you will have invented a destiny that will surpass in gloom the careers of the heroes of *Æschylus*."

She liked to conquer her victims slowly and always wounded them in their most vulnerable points. Sir Hugh's infatuation ceased to be interesting since he was poor.

"No, by Heaven!" cried Sir Hugh, stung by her tone; "you wrong me, you shall never accuse me of that again. Your money? It never entered my thoughts—only remember this: I have loved you too well for my peace of mind. This is always the reward of any inordinate affection."

She compressed her lips, or she must have smiled.

"You are singularly disinterested, Sir Hugh—you always were."

"For pity sake, Vi, drop this cutting vein. Is it my fault that I have not an equal fortune to offer you? Must the value of passionate love be given in proportion and almost with the mathematical precision of the market price of gold?"

"No, not exactly. I have never studied equivalents, it would be a mental effort my indolence does not appreciate."

"If you refuse me, I shall leave England, and with what remains of my once fair fortune, shall embark on some daring enterprise abroad. But, darling, listen to me. I love truth and honesty, and would lay down my life for a friendship or affection, but I am too proud to be spurned by you, or to reconcile myself to your disdain. If I have impoverished myself to aid others who were sufferers through my father's extravagances, you ought to be the last to blame me for my honesty."

Lady Violet shivered. These were very noble sentiments, almost too noble for an Allerton, but suggested little to a practical mind such as hers.

"You do not desire then to live on my fortune?" she said, slowly.

Sir Hugh bit his lip, and a torrent of words rushed from his lips.

"Violet! I again repeat this derision is not only heartless, but unnecessary. I am going to leave you, and shall soon be miles away. Your mockery has nettled it. Had you been kinder, absence need not have been forced on me; think at times of me, and if I return wealthy, and you are still free, I shall renew my offer. It is a misfortune to love you as I do, knowing your faults, but it is my destiny."

Lady Violet offered him her white, ringed hand, and lifted her eyes to his; perhaps they softened a little, for the young baronet raised her hand to his lips.

"All life, hope, fear, misery, and joy have blended into my love for you. I know you are heartless, but I am your victim."

"You are a very faithful cavalier, Hugh."

"Will you promise, Violet, to be true to me while I am absent from you?—absence is a kind of living death."

"Is it necessary for you to leave?"

"Yes, to make a fortune. Hargrave might be willing to accompany me."

"He might," she said, thoughtfully. "Try him—say in a week or so, when he's got over the—less of his wife."

Here was the very opportunity they wanted. But could Lionel's secrecy regarding Lady Constance be relied upon? Would he bury her memory in silence? Yes, with his sensitive nature, it would seem to him a shrine, to be guarded in poetic despair and sacred solemnity.

Lady Violet had always confessed to a tenderness for Sir Hugh above all her other admirers, and marriage gave greater liberty of action in the affairs of life, but she could not possibly consent to marry a poor man. Still it was always easy to break a promise shadowy as this, so she renewed her vows of fidelity in a languid way. He was really a good sort of fellow and easily ruled, besides the problem held by the future was not yet solved.

"Remember, Violet, you are pledged to me," he said, ere taking leave, "and I have brought you this," showing her a leather case; "rings are such very hackneyed emblems of constancy, suppose you accept a bracelet from me instead?"

He offered her a magnificent onyx cameo bracelet, with a matchless setting of antique and precious stones, which had belonged to his mother.

Lady Violet's shapely wrist was clasped by gems of inestimable value. Her eyes flashed with delight. His present was evidently a charming surprise.

"And suppose," she said, with one final stab, smiling as she spoke, "I should take it into my head to be married ere you return to claim me?"

"I should hope to return in time to tear you from another's arms, even were you already in the church," Sir Hugh answered, emphatically, little dreaming how strangely prophetic his words were one day destined to be.

Lady Violet patted the onyx cameo and sighed. What a mistake enthusiastic honesty seemed at that moment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WILL HE COME?"

And I hoped in glimmering consciousness that all This torture was a dream, yet life is so oft like a dream We know not where we are.

LIONEL waited long for Aphra's return. He remained in a sort of semi-trance, counting the small, ugly squares in the paper's pattern that adorned his dismal room, almost praying for death in his depression. Perhaps this dulness of the senses foreshadowed, some end. Should he ever again behold Lady Constance? Would redress for their mutual wrongs ever arrive? With his arm broken, and too enfeebled by fever to stand or walk, what could he effect? One resource remained, to remind Sir Hugh of his promise. With great difficulty, Lionel

wrote the following letter, Mrs. Mudberry, in the meantime, making hopeless efforts to arouse his attention by tapping loudly at the door.

"If Sir Hugh Allerton recollects speaking to Lionel Hargrave, and will come to his assistance, a suffering man's blessing will be his."

He then signed his name, folded the letter, and addressed the envelope to Sir Hugh Allerton, giving it to Mrs. Mudberry, who sent her eldest hope with it at once to the club, clipping his left ear as a playful reminder not to loiter or be seduced into a game of alligators or commoners in the nearest court.

It seemed as if Lionel, in resisting his destiny, had cultivated a fine handwriting. There was no trace of vulgar ignorance in the well-formed letters. They rather bespoke the thoughtful grace and ease of a scholar.

As he lay dozing after the exertion of writing he heard loud shrieks under his window, oaths and screams, and the surging and tramping of many feet. Raising himself on his elbow he saw Aphra, her head bent, her arms folded, being led away to prison. A numbing faintness stole over him as a broken cry fell from his lips. Aphra, his mother and friend, the protectress of his helpless infancy, from whom he had ever received the fondest love, led away to prison amid the hootings and exclamations of the crowd. A horrible palpitation seized on his heart; the face of the helpless prisoner half upturned to his window; the noise and confusion of the street; the muttered hum of voices, seemed to momentarily restore his waning strength. He staggered to his feet. He must help the poor lost creature borne by rough hands to goal. He must take one last look at the kind, true face before hidden—it might be for ever—from his gaze.

What crime had she committed to bring this doom upon her? Had she fought or killed someone who had insulted her? A sudden blow, a fierce thrust, and Aphra might have brought upon herself the full penalty the perfect English law can inflict. He heard the hooting of the excited throng.

"Take her away; we want no gipsies in our street. A thief, ain't she? You might tell it by her look. Yes, missus, you'll get it hot presently," and so on, varied by the lighter chaffing of the street-boys; and the rough, repressive tones of the policemen.

Mrs. Mudberry did not wait this time to tap respectfully at Lionel's door, she rushed in, crying:

"There, there she goes! That's Aphra! I allus said we'd 'ave a murder in the 'ouse, didn't I? They've got her at last, and serve her right. She's stole a bunch of grapes and knifed Hodges frightful, beside bitin' poor Mr. Griskin like a wild animal."

Lionel felt that sickening sensation of weakness which makes all effort seem useless, and caused the room and its objects to move before his eyes.

"She has stolen the grapes to save my life," he said. "Poor Aphra! I must save her. I will seek her at once."

Mrs. Mudberry stared at him, rolling her large eyes in astonishment.

"What ever are you thinking of, sir? You, as can't crawl, let alone walk, through weakness, and your face as white as a sheet!"

"I am going to seek Aphra. Oh, mother! has it at last come to this? I tell you she is light-headed from want of food. She has been goaded past endurance; her poor brain is shattered; and how roughly they pushed her. She will die ere I can come to her. Why am I thus crushed to the earth?"

He endeavoured to move, but his limbs refused their office; his strength had been undermined by fever. There was only one hope left, that Sir Hugh Allerton would come to his assistance.

"I cannot move. I should faint if I were to attempt it."

"Yes, that you would, sir. You nearly went off in a swoon this morning. You really do look bad, sir."

"I am starving," he answered, as if he saw

Death's grim friend Hunger at his side. "I have no appetite, and yet I know unless something is given me I shall not live through the night. It is those I leave behind who will grieve for me that makes me long to live. Help me, will you? and remember you shall be paid."

And yet, suppose Sir Hugh Allerton were out of town, or refused to come to his aid? What claim had he, Lionel Hargrave, on the young baronet? None, he believed, save the universal claim of brotherhood when overtaken by sickness and sorrow.

Mrs. Mudberry sighed, and re-arranged her large cap at the glass. Aphra was disposed of; she could, therefore, afford to be more humane, and a young man with a face, as she said, "like a picture out of a shop window," was, of course, interesting when he appealed to her pity.

"Help me, will you?" repeated Lionel, the powerful charm he always exercised now growing more seductive as he smiled. "Look at me well," moving aside the dark hair from his brow. "Feel the damps of weakness on my forehead and my hands. I will reward you if you will be charitable this once."

Mrs. Mudberry was more than ever softened now, and tried to wipe away a tear with the corner of her gingham apron. This handsome young man was really dangerously ill.

"Poor Aphra," he sighed; "to think she will sleep in gaol this bitter night."

"Ah, yes, sir! A wooden pillow is all they'll give her; but there! gipsies are used to the mountains and fields. They're like cats, and can sleep anywhere, and if the gentleman—the baronet—comes, perhaps he'll make it all right. Oh, sir, if you was only to see my best chiney butter-boat and ladle, as was my grandfather's, a-lyin' in two pieces on the dresser, smashed by that Aphra, it 'ud make yer heart ache! But I was never 'ard to a sufferin' fellow creature, and you do look bad, sir. You're like a brother I had called Will Prettyman—I was a Miss Prettyman—as went off very sudden at the last in the work us."

Lionel again resigned himself to the everlasting history of Mrs. Mudberry's relatives. Suddenly she darted round, as if a new idea had struck her.

"I'll just get you a nice drop of hot beef tea, sir, and a little brandy and water, as will put fresh life into you. I feel easier now that heathen's gone, and I'll act a mother's part by you, I will, indeed. When's the baronet expected?"

"He may arrive to-night; it is not impossible. I believe he will if he receives my note."

"Ah, that will comfort you finely, to be sure it will. A gentleman with plenty of loose sovereigns in his pocket, I desay, and a free way with his gold. A mighty fine swell, no doubt. Will, my brother, was a gentleman's gentleman, and, lor! the weekets he sold dirt cheap to Mudberry, as looked very well in 'em on Sundays, would have startled you. Then he took to selling painted birds, as lost all their feathers when they was expected to tune up for customers, and got a nervous trick of hoppin' instead, as I says to Mudberry is uncommon strange. But I'll leave you, sir, and get your beef tea."

He was very glad to be alone. He thought of Sir Hugh as the only one in all the dreary world he could rely on in this dark hour? And why?

What was there in the baronet's nature that struck an answering chord in Lionel's? Why did hot tears almost steal to his eyes as he found himself saying, mechanically,

"I know he will not forsake me. He is too noble to forget his words. Human beings are hateful to me, but Sir Hugh Allerton's voice has a ring of manly truth, of honest warmth, that bids me trust in him."

So a light broke in on his wretchedness. He found himself imaging Sir Hugh's looks, picturing his first entrance into the little grim bedroom. He divined it all—the kind greeting, the frank sympathy.

"Heaven bless him! I am sure he is a good man," muttered Lionel; "he is beloved as a landlord, respected by all. No dishonour is

attached to his memory. How different to his father, Sir Phoenix Allerton!"

"A letter, please, for you, sir," said Mrs. Mudberry, handing him the beef tea on a tray, "and here's a bit of a note left by a young ragamuffin, as I caught teasing our cat through the railing."

Lionel opened the letter first. It was from Doctor Moseley, and ran thus:

"If Lionel Hargrave has acquainted the Commissioners of Lunacy that his wife has been wrongfully incarcerated in Dr. Moseley's establishment when she was in a perfect state of sanity he will receive a communication from them which will convince him of the sad fact that Lady Constance is a dangerous and helpless lunatic."

"She has been removed to Dr. Moseley's house in Kent, and as her health appears very uncertain Lionel Hargrave must not be surprised to hear very shortly of her death. He will, however, be permitted, by the gracious favour of the Earl of Harrington, to see her, for the last time, 'in her coffin,' and this is all the family, bearing in mind his wicked influence on the mind of an innocent girl, will permit. No interviews will be allowed."

"The best medical attendance has been procured. The Earl of Harrington and his daughter, the Lady Violet, are perfectly satisfied with Dr. Moseley's treatment and care, and the Commissioners of Lunacy have expressed their complete satisfaction, and tendered their highest approbation of the excellent attendance, skill, patience, and science bestowed upon the afflicted inmates of Dr. Moseley's establishment."

(All that the excellent gentlemen in question discovered to shock their senses being the bodies of two poisoned cats that had crept into the panelling of the room in which Lady Constance had first been placed, and these had caused the noisome effluvia from the wall.)

And still Lionel refused to believe the hideous truth. Her madness was but the delirium caused by a soul in distress. It was only when he took up the little note and read the following lines, that his heart failed him, and he knew they were for ever sundered.

"I am sorry to tell you your wife, Lady Constance, is seriously ill; her reason has fled. Unless a change for the better soon takes place she cannot last very long. They have taken her away for good to the doctor's estate in Kent. You are a brave man, and I am sorry for you both. A true friend, though but a

"DWARF."

The paper slipped from Lionel's hand on to the floor, and a fainting man fell back on the pillow. Mrs. Mudberry poured brandy down his throat, and did all in her power to restore him, for his misfortunes aroused her sympathy.

"They have at last driven her mad indeed," he murmured, as consciousness returned. "My darling, my wife, you could not resist their inhuman cruelty. You were always nervous and weak, my poor love, and soon you must pass from me—your husband, who adores you, and from whose arms you have been torn—into your grave, and I shall not be there to catch your last sigh, receive your last embrace! Strangers' hands will tend you. There is no limit to the barbarity of pride, no mercy in the stern breast of the Earl of Harrington and his heartless daughter. He killed his wife with his harshness, and he has had no pity on his helpless child. Better far, my dearest, had the waters of the lake closed over your sainted head ere we loved each other only to be parted for ever. All I can pray, beloved, is that I shall soon leave the world which has been so bitter for us both and rejoin you in Heaven."

"No! no, sir! Pray don't take on so. If it's the baronet's sister you've married," he had no idea Mrs. Mudberry had overheard his wild words, "why, he's come, sir. This very minute he's a-waitin' in my best parlour, and such a real rat-tat-tat at the door, and a pair of spirited horses a-pawing the ground, rousin' all the street, as I never saw since the day I married Mudberry, as we hired from the livery."

"Sir Hugh has come," he murmured. "Thank Heaven for this!"

(To be Continued.)

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

He is an idiot who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.

The world oftener rewards the appearance of merit than merit itself.

Some men, like pictures, are better fitted for a corner than a full light.

He who thinks poorly of himself cannot win the respect of his fellows.

Rank and riches, though chains of gold, are, notwithstanding, still chains.

Prosperity seems to be scarcely safe unless it is mixed with a little adversity.

The light of love is like the light of phosphorus—is seen plainest when all around is dark.

Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time, the former grow upon it.

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

ONE day the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many score of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded his wise men to appear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan, the court and the school of the prophets.

Then King Solomon, arrayed in the regal robes, sat on his throne, the sceptre of Israel in his right hand.

The Queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths, and discoursed right eloquently; they told of many things. The eyes of the queen shone like dewdrops which quiver at sunrise on the peach-blossoms.

Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mien. He told of wondrous cities in far-off lands: how the sun scalds the dew in Sahara! how it forsakes the chill north for whole months, leaving the cold moon in its place; he spoke of the fleets that go down to the sea; he told how they weave wax at Tyros, spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Orob, and the linen in Egypt that endures the fire! he spoke of fleets, of laws, the art that makes men happy.

"Truly, he is wise," said the king. "But let others speak."

Another came forth; he was young in years, his cheek was burning with enthusiasm, the fire of genius shone in his eye like the day star when all the others are swallowed up in light. He spoke of the works of the great One; told how the cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter, or the pearly dew of autumn, to freshen the late river that glitters at its foot.

He spoke of the elephant, the antelope, the jackal, the eagle, the mule; he knew them all. He told of the fish that make glad the waters as the seasons dance the frolic round about their heads.

He sang in languid softness of the daughters of air who melt the heaven into song; he rose to the stars, spoke of old chaos, of the world, the offering of love.

He spoke of the stars, the crown, Mazzaroth, and the tall ladder Jacob saw. He sang again the song of creation.

"He is wiser than Solomon," said the king; "to him belongs the prize."

But at that moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger unwillingly along. His raiment was poor, but comely and snow white. The seal of labour was on his hand; the dust of travel covered his sandals.

His beard, long and silvery, went down to his girdle; a sweet smile, like a sleeping infant's, sat unconscious on his lip.

His eye was the angel's lamp, that burns in still devotion before the court of paradise, making the day. As he leaned on his shepherd's staff in the gay court, a blush like a girl's stole over his cheek.

"Speak," said the king.

"I have nothing to say," exclaimed the hoary man. "I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage."

And Solomon's countenance rose. "By the sceptre of Elshaddai I charge thee to speak, thou ancient man."

Then he began:

"My study is myself; my acts, my sentiment. I learn how frail I am; I of myself can know nothing. I listen to that voice within; and I know all, I can do all."

Then he spoke of his glees, his glooms and his hopes; his aspirations, his faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees, the pure golden stars. When he came to Him who is All in all, he bowed his face and was dumb.

"Give him the ring," said Solomon. "He knows himself; he is the wisest. The spirit of the Holy is in him."

"Take back the gift," said the sage, "I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward, he knows God, he sees the All of things. Alas! I do but feebly know myself—I deserve no ring. Let me return to my home and my duty."

A RUSSIAN HERO;

OR,

Marko Tyre's Treason.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT floods of anxious problems surged upon the soul of Marko Tyre as he led the way from Gradowsky's dungeon.

Would they make good their escape? This was naturally the first and most important of Marko's mental inquiries.

Were they watched? Had Dal known of her hero's terrible mission? Had Catherine even suspected the relations existing between Marko and the Gradowskys?

Evidently these three questions could be answered in the negative.

It is easy to comprehend by these queries, however, with what apprehension and excitement the two men entered upon their proposed departure.

At one of the turns of the gloomy corridors they were traversing Gradowsky came to a halt, with half-stifed groans. His limbs threatened to give way beneath him.

"I shrink from the sacrifice you are making for me, Marko," he whispered. "Life seems of very little account to me, especially since you have mentioned your devotion to Roda. It is not yet too late to change your resolve. Let me die, as the empress has ordered. You need never say a word to Roda about the events of the night. She supposes me dead. One question as between dying men, Marko. Do you love each other?"

"With all our souls, General."

"And Roda has promised to be your wife?"

"Yes, General, but with the proviso that I should first solve the mystery of your fate."

"Then let me die," breathed Gradowsky. "Better death for me alone than to plunge you and Roda into the horrible abyss yawning before us."

"Enough, General! We are wasting valuable time," interrupted Marko. "You are innocent. Some malignant accusation has been lodged against you by an enemy. You and yours, I often think, have long been the objects of a fiendish plot. In any case, the empress is acting upon false information. Some secret foe

is using her to effect your destruction. She doubtless thinks she is punishing a great crime with proper severity. Forward!"

They went slowly on together, soon emerging from the dark and winding corridors into the office of the prison.

Governor Mosty was still in waiting, with several of his officials, as if for further duties or requests. He gravely saluted the prisoner, and then looked inquiringly at Marko.

"I find the general is weaker than I supposed, Governor," said our hero, as calmly as if going to promotion. "I shall not need any guards or helpers."

"Indeed?" said Mosty, and the sneer in his tone was emphasised by the looks of his assistants.

"No, sir. But can't you give the general a hat and a cloak? He's nearly naked!"

"Happy to oblige you, Capt. Tyre."

The coverings named were accordingly furnished.

"Shall I give you a receipt for the prisoner in the usual form, Governor?" then asked Marko.

"No, Captain, thank you. His name is not on the register. Besides, I have witnesses of his departure, as well as the official order."

Bowing politely to the governor, Marko offered his arm to the prisoner, and took his departure, carrying his disengaged hand to a concealed weapon. The couple were soon upon the quay adjoining the prison.

"It remains to be seen if those men suspect anything, or if we are watched and followed," said our hero, looking sharply around. "They were certainly wide awake, if not suspicious."

No sound of alarm arose behind the fugitives however; no stealthy movements were noticed. A guard of the prison was still looking after them, as were a couple of police officers, but these glances seemed to be occasioned only by an ordinary curiosity. Yet—there was a chance to the contrary, as the two men comprehended only too clearly.

"We will, of course, take boat, General," proposed Marko, with a sigh of relief. "That is precisely what I should have done in case of carrying out my orders."

"I thank Heaven that you have not yet committed an open act of rebellion," murmured Gradowsky. "A chance is afforded me of collecting my thoughts."

"We shall be all the more to ourselves when embarked upon the river," suggested Captain Tyre. "Plenty of boats are at our service. We have only to choose, and take possession."

The choice was quickly made, and the couple began drifting down the tranquil Neva.

"And now what is to be our course?" asked Marko, earnestly. "You cannot go home, of course, General. That is the first spot the bloodhounds will search the moment my treason is discovered. We cannot escape into the Baltic without imminent risk of encountering a government cruiser. The frontier in every direction is equally well guarded. We cannot take our way into the interior safely. What can we do?"

Gradowsky looked blankly enough at his deliverer, comprehending only too well how little had been done towards assuring his eventual safety.

"I really don't see my way out of this trap, Marko," he declared. "We ought to hide somewhere in the city for a day or two—long enough for us to communicate with Roda, and for me to recuperate a little and to decide upon a plan of action. But where?"

Our hero reflected earnestly, the boat drifting idly down the river.

"If my old nurse were alive," he said, "or if Baron Yermolof were here. But there is hardly a man in the empire who has so few intimates as I have. I do not know a soul to whom I would dare confide our secret. Can't you think of someone to whom you can apply for a hiding-place in this hour of extremity, General?"

Gradowsky shook his head sadly.

"I have had friends for such an hour as this," he said, "but they are no longer among the living. Yet, let me see."

Suddenly his face brightened.

"I remember a Jew who might aid us," he resumed; "a money-lender, a solitary man, who was once saved by me from death. The name of this Jew is Misdrek."

"I have heard of him," declared Marko. "Some of my boys have dealt with him. Is he still at the old place?"

"He was at the latest accounts."

"Then let's call upon him. The place is retired, and the hour is getting late. We may gain this hiding-place without being particularly noticed."

Marko at once seized the oars with the energy of hope, and directed the boat into the Little Neva.

There were plenty of similar boats passing in every direction, so that the fugitives were virtually lost in the midst of them.

"I shudder at the thought of the hunt that will be made for us, and especially at the death you are risking to save my worthless life, Marko," said Gradowsky, after a thoughtful pause. "There is little chance of our avoiding arrest twenty-four hours."

"We will do the best we can, sir," returned our hero, resolutely. "I could never look Roda in the face again if I were to fail in this awful hour to place myself between you and those who are seeking your destruction. Say no more, General, to weaken my resolution. I have counted the costs, and am prepared to die."

Gradowsky extended his hand, wringing that of his deliverer with all the warmth of gratitude and admiration.

"Enough, then!" he declared. "I accept the sacrifice, my boy! But, speaking of Roda, will not some terrible blow fall upon her in consequence of our conduct?"

The mere question was enough to fill Marko's soul with horror.

He knew only too well how the innocent members of a family have been confounded from time immemorial in Russia with the guilty, and his soul quailed within him at the thought that Roda might be called upon to answer for the night's proceedings.

"I will see Roda myself, General, before our pursuers can become aware of what is taking place," he answered. "To all outward appearance I am still an officer in her majesty's service. I can come and go at will. The roads are open. Within two or three hours after leaving you in a place of safety—if such a place is open to us—I will have told Roda all that has happened. She, too, must take refuge in flight—either in our company, or in a different direction!"

"But the poor girl cannot escape from the country," groaned Gradowsky, "and if she could, all we possess would be confiscated by the government, so that we should be beggars in exile."

"True, but I will endeavour to hit upon some plan of averting our impending disasters," said Marko, hopefully. "And with this understanding we will now press forward as rapidly as possible to our destination."

A few minutes later the boat reached a tumble-down wharf of the Little Neva, and the two men landed, no one observing them, so far as they knew.

A brisk walk through several narrow streets brought them to the vicinity of the money-lender's dwelling, which was in one of the most obscure quarters of the Isle Lesofsky.

In due course they reached their destination, knocking for admittance. Apparently no one had seen them approach, not even a policeman.

Marko did not dare knock very loud, in view of the stillness which had settled upon the scene around him at that hour, but he conveyed his summons to a window over the office by means of his sword. A chill entered the souls of the fugitives as they realised that no response was made to them.

"We will go to the rear," proposed Marko. "We shall doubtless find our man there!"

A dark and narrow passage led to an open court at the rear of the dwelling. Traversing this passage, the two men reached the rear entrance of Misdrek's house, and here they repeated, as quietly as their desperation would let them, their demands for admittance.

"Open, Misdrek, open!" Marko ventured to call softly. "A friend wishes to see you!"

At first all was still. Then faint moans resounded from within. Not a footstep was heard, however—not the least sound of movement.

"Is anything wrong here, General?" asked our hero of his companion, after tapping vigorously upon one of the ground windows. "Thieves may have been here ahead of us, and done the old money-lender some deadly injury."

"I see no signs of violence," returned Gradowsky. "The door and windows are whole."

"And yet these moans—apparently the moans of one asleep or unconscious—give me a strange chill," declared Marko. "What shall we do? No one has seen us arrive. I believe all would be well with you if we could gain admittance unseen and in silence."

The two men reflected seriously, the sounds of distress continuing within the house, but no movement being made looking to their admittance.

"It is clear that someone has been seeking to effect an entrance," said Marko, after due examination. "The bars over the windows are twisted, and—yes, here is a window that is broken. We can readily enter, I think."

He lost no time in wrenching off a couple of bars, which had previously been greatly weakened, and with one of these bars he prised open the window in question.

In less than a minute after he addressed himself to the task, the wonderful strength of our hero enabled him—thanks to all that had been done before him—to open his way into the dwelling.

For a few moments, at these manifestations, the groans from within had redoubled, but now a strange stillness succeeded, as if the old money-lender had fainted.

"Come in, General," whispered Marko, offering his hand. "The first thing is to enter and make all fast behind us."

The entrance was duly effected, and the window secured upon them.

"And now, Misdrek, where are you?" demanded Marko, looking around in the darkness. "Do not be afraid to answer. We are friends."

Groans resounded again. Then there were sounds of a stir.

"Who are you?" asked a feeble and broken voice from a distant corner of the apartment.

It was the first time in his life that Marko had hesitated to respond to that simple question.

"I am Captain Tyre, of her Majesty's Guards," he answered.

"So? I have heard of you."

Another slight stir succeeded, as of a sufferer moving upon a rude bed of straw. The outlines of a man became distinguishable, the eyes of the intruders having become accustomed to the darkness.

"There are two of you," resumed the weak voice, in accents still expressive of apprehension. "Who is the other?"

"I am your old friend Gradowsky," said the general. "Do you not remember me? I recognise your voice, Misdrek—"

He was interrupted by the sufferer's excited ejaculations of relief and thanksgiving.

"I have been very ill, General," communicated Misdrek, panting with the effort of raising himself into a sitting posture. "I—I thought the thieves had come back. They were here last night and the night before, endeavouring to break in to rob me."

"Are you all alone here, Misdrek?" asked Gradowsky, as the new-comers advanced slowly

in the direction of the sufferer, feeling their way in the darkness with due caution.

"Yes, yes—all alone!"

"Can we strike a light?"

"Certainly. There are candles on the shelf and coals—I daresay—still left among the ashes on the hearth. I have not dared to keep a light burning, for fear the thieves would see how helpless I am."

"But why haven't you called upon some friend to watch with you?" asked Marko. "Have you no relatives?"

"Only such as would cut my throat if they saw me lying here so helpless," answered the Jew, with a moan. "I have been ill two long weeks. For three days I have not tasted a morsel of food."

The visitors expressed the feelings the shock of these declarations caused them.

"But couldn't you have called some of the neighbours to your relief?" persisted Marko, sympathetically.

"Hush! Any of them would rob me, and even stamp the life out of my old carcass as a preliminary to that end," said Misdrek, in a voice shaky with apprehension. "I have kept silent, hoping to get better, and afterwards in hopes of being allowed to die in peace. You, General, are my friend, and I am more pleased to see you here at this moment than you can ever know, but, present company excepted, I haven't a friend in the world to give me the least assistance, or to protect me from those terrible villains."

The general had found a candle and lighted it, and he now approached the sufferer with a countenance worthy of the gloomy occasion.

"It is indeed my old friend and preserver," murmured Misdrek, extending a hand that was singularly wasted. "Oh! that you had come sooner! You might have saved me. But I see that you also have been ill and afflicted," and the Jew scanned wonderingly the wan and hollow countenance before him. "I should hardly know you. What has happened?"

"First, let me ask if there is anything we can do for you, Misdrek?"

"Nothing whatever, General, thank you!" answered Misdrek. "I am already dying. You will find my papers and affairs all in order—and a great surprise those papers will give you, too! Quick, General! Tell me your troubles while I still have life to bear them!"

Gradowsky briefly complied, stating that he had fallen under the ban of the government, been arrested and imprisoned, and only saved from death by Captain Tyre.

"Heaven has sent you here, General," was the Jew's simple comment upon the brief narration. "It is in my power, perhaps, to save your life in return for the life you gave me years ago. In a few minutes or hours I shall be dead—doubtless before the light of another day dawns upon you! As soon as the life has left my body, you will bury me under the floor, General Gradowsky—and take my place! For the present you must be known as the old money-lender—as Misdrek! Fortunately we greatly resemble each other in form and feature, as the result of what we have suffered. Fortunately, too, I have been ill so long, and have transacted so little business lately, that you can live as retired as you please. In a word, General, here you will be safe from your pursuers—as Misdrek!"

"It is indeed so," said Marko, whose noble face had brightened strangely at every word of the money-lender's startling suggestions. "Here is one of those great compensations that only Heaven can provide. It is even possible that you can give Misdrek some help in the way of food or medicine, so that he will live some days or weeks, or even recover his health entirely!"

"I shall certainly make every effort to that end," declared Gradowsky, whose spirits had revived visibly, "and I dare hope for good results from the care and assistance I shall give him."

"In any case, General, I can leave you here for the moment with a fair probability of your safety," said Marko, preparing to depart.

"Remain here until you hear from me further—or hear of my death! I go now to see Roda—to tell her all—to devise with her some security for our future, some protection against our persecutors. May Heaven be with you."

And with this he wrung the hands of the two men and went forth, leaving everything as snug and fast as possible behind him. The Jew and Gradowsky looked after him anxiously. They realised that he was going to a fateful struggle, and probably to a dreadful doom.

"The general is safely hidden," thought Marko. "Under other circumstances, I might go about my business and say nothing, and the empress would suppose him dead. But she is interested in the case, she says. She will question me as soon as she sees me. And I could not tell her an untruth to save her life! How horrible is the whole situation!"

CHAPTER IV.

No language is adequate to exhibit the wild anguish which filled Marko's soul as he thus left the Jew's dwelling. His sense of despair resembled that with which Samson turned upon the Philistines.

It was not for himself that he mourned, although it was no light affliction for a favourite captain, at the age of twenty-two, to find himself under the necessity of devoting himself to destruction.

He mourned for the innocent and persecuted old general, and for Roda.

What was to be their fate? Only Heaven could foresee it.

But his own destiny was already outlined with sufficient clearness to Marko's perceptions.

He would be hunted and tracked for a day or two like a wild beast, and haply slay half a dozen of his pursuers, as a sort of protest against the wrongs an adverse fate had brought upon him, and then he would be shot down remorselessly, like the doomed creatures whose lives his own would henceforth so closely resemble.

"Oh!" he groaned, as he sped away unseen from the house of the money-lender. "To think how happy I might have been with Roda, with the favour of the empress, if some terrible foe were not seeking the destruction of her father. But henceforth, during the few hours of life left to me, I can only dream of the heaven that might have been mine. Oh, Roda! Roda!"

He felt to the lowest depths of his soul that his happiness was wrecked, and his career in this world ended.

"To-morrow I shall be bulletined as a traitor, and a price set upon my head," he reflected, as he traversed swiftly one of the narrow streets leading him back to the river. "Let me think of some plan by which, like Samson, I can be more terrible in my death than in my life."

Naturally he thought of the empress—of all his late high hopes of fame, power and happiness.

The ring she had given him as the ready means of gaining admittance to her presence, glittered upon his finger. How his fierce eyes glared upon it. An awful smile wreathed his lips.

"Of course I could strike a serious blow in revenge for the fate I foresee for the general and for Roda, to say nothing to myself," he ejaculated, hollowly. "I could kill the empress herself, and several of her chief advisers. Oh! if she knew what temptations are caused by such dreadful wrongs, she would be slow to commit them."

His entire frame swayed with convulsions of anguish, at every step he took between the dwelling of Misdrek and the little Neva.

"After all," he reflected, calming himself forcibly, "the empress is also to be pitied. If she has her hours of fury and suspicion, there are also times when she is kind and humane. That she has a keen sense of justice in her soul—aside from personal influences—is not to be doubted. Ah! if I could only reach her heart, and break down the hatred and revenge she has conceived for a wronged and innocent man!"

He halted upon the quay he had now reached, and looked gloomily out upon the river.

The hour was past midnight.

The theatres and nearly all other public establishments had closed, and the streets were almost deserted.

A sort of cold mist was ascending from the surface of the water, rendering all objects indistinct at the distance of a few rods, and almost nullifying the rays of the rude lanterns hanging at the principal corners of the streets and the squares.

"After all," reflected Marko, "why couldn't I win over the empress to a knowledge of the truth? The fact that I can secure a hearing is a great suggestion to this end. She has always been kind to me from the first hour of my entering her service, twelve years ago, as a page, and it is certain that she has conceived great respect for me. She can know nothing of my relations to the Gradowsky, or she would not have chosen me to be the general's executioner. Why should I not throw myself upon her mercy, and make trial of this one desperate chance of setting everything to rights? Being virtually a dead man at this moment, why should I hesitate at any risks the step may offer? It is certainly my duty to make this supreme effort to avert from the heads of Roda and her father the storms by which they are menaced!"

The thought was, of course, as wise as natural, and it soon found such favour in Marko's soul as to restore in a great degree his lost calmness.

He began moving briskly in the direction of the Winter Palace. In due course he reached the entrance.

As an officer of the household guards, Marko had only to give the sentries he encountered the regular pass-words of the night to be instantly admitted.

Even this formality was not necessary in places where there was sufficient light for the recognition of his features. Quietly and thoughtfully he took his way to the private apartments of the empress.

At the innermost door he found a chamberlain in waiting, aloof and observant, who saluted him with the respect due to a favourite of the palace.

"Her majesty has retired, Captain Tyre," said the chamberlain, noting an evident intention on the part of our hero to enter.

"Nevertheless, Golos—"

Marko exhibited his ring.

"Oh, yes," murmured Golos quickly, as he recognised this mark of the imperial favour. "Her majesty expects you!"

Stepping inaudibly, Marko bowed to the official and entered.

At this second step within the gorgeously furnished apartment thus opened to his gaze and presence, the young officer encountered one of the leading ladies of the palace, who placed herself in his path, with an air of mingled curiosity and inquiry.

"Her majesty is still visible, I suppose?" breathed Marko, exhibiting his ring. "In any case, I am here by command—"

"Welcome, Captain Tyre," called the empress herself, from behind a magnificent Japanese screen, which had been placed between the fireplace and the door as a protection against drafts, and possibly as a barrier to indiscreet gaze. "This way, sir."

A few rapid steps and Marko knelt at Catherine's feet.

"Oh, your majesty?"

This was all the young officer could say at that moment of pain and confusion.

The empress had been carefully robed for the night by her numerous attendants, and presented such a picture of imperial loveliness and power as our hero had never even imagined.

Her neck and shoulders were bare, and her long fair hair floated in curls around and upon them.

Her robe was a miracle of richness and beauty.

Her feet were encased in jewelled slippers. In

a word, she was just as she liked to appear to those she cared to interest and dazzle.

"You look scared, boy," murmured the empress, with a smile, completely mistaking the nature of the emotions by which the soul and body of our hero were literally shaken. "This is the first time you have been here so late, and under such surroundings, but are you not a brave soldier?" and the imperial smile deepened as the lady in waiting retreated from the room.

"You seem to me to be one of the few real men I have had the good fortune to discover. How about your mission to the Fortune? Did you sink General Gradowsky in the Gulf?"

Marko essayed to reply, but, for the first time in his life, he found himself a prey to emotions that defied expression.

The shadow of a frown began gathering upon Catherine's face as she marked the young officer's agitation and his hesitancy.

"Something has gone wrong, I see," she exclaimed. "What can it be?"

"Pardon me, your majesty," blurted out Marko, with the abruptness of desperation. "I did not sink General Gradowsky in the Gulf, as commanded. To the contrary—I have restored him to freedom!"

(To be Continued.)

TURKEY AND TRIMMINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT supplies a curious record of events, which has special interest at the present time. He says:

A century is not much in the life of a nation, and the following dates may be of interest to your readers.

From this it appears that England has been alternately friend and foe of most of the European powers on the Eastern Question.

1740. Austria and Russia agree to divide Turkey. Great sea fight at Scio.

1770. England and Russia fight Turkey.

1790. Austria and Russia fight against Turkey, and Turkey loses 200,000 men.

1798. England joins Turkey against France, and drives the French out of Egypt.

1807. Russians join Turkey against England, and almost destroys the English fleet in the Dardanelles, under Sir John Duckworth.

1827. English and Russian fleets destroy the Turkish fleets at Navarino.

1828. Russia fights Turkey, and the "sacred standard" is unfurled.

1833. Russia enters Constantinople, and makes an offensive and defensive alliance with Turkey.

1854. England, France, and Turkey subdue Russia in the Crimea.

1877. Russia defeats Turkey, and this time England looks on.

AFTERMATH.

HERE I am domiciled for the summer in Aunt Prue's country home. Just now my book lies idly in my lap, and I am watching the robin, whose glowing breast makes the one spot of colour on the velvety green lawn. Off she goes with a worm for her young family just as a new object of interest appears. Auntie rises from her wicker-bottomed rocking chair to go forward and meet the stranger, saying to me in passing:

"Don't run away, Bessie, for I know you will like Miss Arthur."

So I obediently sit still and watch the two ladies as they approach.

"Mary, this is my niece. Miss Arthur, Bessie."

I rise to acknowledge the introduction, and find my hand imprisoned in a warm, firm clasp.

"You need not tell me whose child this is, Prue," says a pleasant voice, "for I should know her among a thousand. She is your sister Carrie over again."

"Who is Miss Arthur, auntie?" I asked, after her visitor had gone.

"The only daughter of old Colonel Arthur, who was once one of our village magnates. She has always been very intimate in our family. Did I say rightly? Are you pleased with her?"

"Yes. It's a perfect study to watch her face; it is so expressive."

Auntie looked pleased.

"She asked me to bring you to call on her, and if you like we will go to-morrow," and the next morning we started forth.

Miss Arthur was a stately, graceful woman, and I had unconsciously associated her in my mind with elegant surroundings; but she met us at the door of a poor little cottage whose sun-burned clapboards and guiltless even of paint, though climbing honeysuckle and blossoming roses did their best to give it a picturesque look.

We followed her into the sitting-room, where, in a chair constructed for invalids like herself, the feeble old lady reclined.

As I looked at her I had an impression of a mass of white drapery, and a pair of such dark, preternaturally bright eyes that they gave me a shivering feeling of being looked through and through.

The bare floor was spotlessly clean. A sewing machine stood by a window with some partly-finished garments lying upon it (evidently custom-work). Some family portraits hung on the wall, and a stand of blossoming plants filled the remaining window.

So this was Miss Arthur's home!

She was talking to auntie with great vivacity, in a terse, epigrammatic way which made her conversation peculiarly interesting. She was evidently one of those rare beings who rise superior to their surroundings.

"Well, said auntie, after we had reached home again, "how did you like your visit?"

"I enjoyed it very much; but I cannot understand why such a beautiful, elegantly-bred woman should have to do that coarse sewing for a living. If she is poor why doesn't she teach?"

"Ah," said auntie, "what would the poor, helpless mother do without Mary? She cannot bear her out of her sight hardly. Do you see that mansion, half hidden among the trees? That was their home until Colonel Arthur's death. Then, as too often happens, it turned out that the property was heavily involved, and that the widow and child were left penniless—excepting for that poor little cottage which shelters them."

"Had she no lover?" I asked.

"Yes. She was betrothed, and to a very fine young man, too; but he had his own way to make, and Mary would not consent to continue the engagement. Her mother had been helpless for several years, and she said no husband would be long contented with divided allegiance, for she felt that her mother must have the first claim upon her care and service. No persuasion could change her purpose, and at last, giving up all hope, her lover left the place."

"I should have married him," I said, decidedly, strong in my sixteen summers' wisdom. "Love is nothing unless it can make sacrifices."

During the summer Miss Mary, as she liked to have me call her, and I became great friends. She often talked to me of her life before it was clouded by adversity.

But one portion of it remained as a sealed book.

Once, from among some of her treasures, I picked up an old daguerrotype and opened its case.

It was a young man's picture—prim and stiff-looking, like all the first specimens of that art—but the regular features and noble head could not be disguised by the faults of colouring and finishing.

Miss Mary saw it in my hand, and I knew by her sudden look of pain that the old wound was still unhealed.

I closed the case and laid it down, feeling that

I had unwittingly intruded upon ground sacred to her sorrow.

Nothing was said, but I went to her and kissed her, thus rendering a tacit apology for my thoughtlessness.

Then I left the room.

My visit was drawing to its close when one morning the news came that the dear old mother had entered into rest.

It seemed for a time that the moving spirit of the younger life had lost its elasticity with the same blow that had snapped the frailer one, for Miss Mary fell into a state of apathy which was so unnatural, and lasted so long, that her friends grew alarmed.

Auntie said unless she could be roused she would die, just from lack of desire to live, so I wrote home, and received mamma's permission to bring her home with me.

Under the influence of our love and sympathy our guest revived, and grew to be more like herself.

Weeks lengthened into months, until spring was near.

We could not let Miss Mary go home, however, for I had the promise of making one of a party who were to go abroad under the charge of a learned professor, whose knowledge of the different localities we were to visit would make our trip more like education than simple pleasure.

So mamma had made up her mind to spare me on account of the benefit to my mind; but she meant to keep Miss Mary, whose good qualities had completely won the love of the whole family.

The professor had been a classmate of papa's at college; but I had not heard his name mentioned, as he was always alluded to by his scholarly sobriquet.

Proned as I am to build "castles in the air" about strangers, I had not wasted one golden fancy upon him.

Of course such a prodigy of antiquarian learning was a dried-up anatomy of a man like old Professor Worth of my school-days' miseries.

The first of April came, and one morning papa said:

"Put on your most scholarly looks this evening, Queen Bess, for the professor is in town, and I shall bring him home with me."

I did not trouble myself about my own appearance; but I wove Miss Mary's hair into a wide, many-plaited braid, and wound it around her head, fastening some sprays of starry clematis amid its dark shadowy masses, and pinned some white rosebuds at her throat.

"I want to think of you looking like this when I am far away," I said; and she wore them to please me. It was the first bit of white that had relieved her sombre drapery since her mother's death.

As we went together into the drawing-room, papa said, pleasantly:

"Here came the laggards, Professor Chiltem, Miss Arthur. 'Come here, Bessie,' for I was holding back in mute surprise at sight of this handsome, commanding-looking man. Where was my withered old professor?"

My bewilderment was completed when, with a pleasant smile, the gentleman bowed to me, but extended his hand to Miss Mary, with a look in his eyes as of one who sees a vision.

"Miss Arthur!" he says. "Can it be possible?"

She stood pale and agitated, but an exceeding joy irradiating her face; and as I looked upon them I knew the truth. The long parted lovers had met at last.

That evening I had stolen into the conservatory, and was standing by some large-leaved tropical plants, when the professor came in with Miss Mary leaning upon his arm. He was talking earnestly, and I could not well make my presence known without occasioning mutual embarrassment, so I remained in hiding.

"Has Miss Arthur a retentive memory?" The words are common-place, but the resonant thrill in the deep low tones made them impressive. "If so, she will know why to-day is one marked out from all others. Mary! let us join

hands across that bridge of lonely years, and live again for each other."

"It is too late," was the agitated reply. "It would not be right to link your life with one so barren of results as mine has been. I am prematurely old and saddened. You are in your prime."

"No, Mary, never, to me, were you lovelier or more attractive than you are at this moment. Yon solitary rose upon its stalk is not fairer or sweeter to me than you—my own love—lost for so long; but found at last. Let me place it in your hair; and, dearest, let the flower be an emblem of the future—solitary no longer."

Then they went slowly out, oblivious to all but their own happiness; so that I was released from the durance which was growing painful in its enforced, breathless quiet.

N.B.—Mamma is making arrangements for the wedding. I am to be first bridesmaid, and Robbie Earle is to be my vis-a-vis.

M. E. M.

DUTIES TO SOCIETY AND TO OURSELVES.

The truly polite must be an habitually cheerful person. But cheerfulness, it will be said, is a matter of temperament and of circumstance. Then if we possess it not, we should cultivate it as a duty.

There is no word in our language more commonly used, nor any one less defined or less understood than "happiness." It is sometimes taken to mean pleasurable sensation derived through the senses; sometimes it means a peculiar state of mind. Perhaps it is easier to tell what happiness is not, than what it is.

The most perfect health is not happiness unless one has something to do.

Health and riches do not make one happy. These accidents of being rather excite cravings for enjoyment. They are means, not ends. A rich man can ride but one horse, or sit in but one coach, or eat but one dinner, or wear but one suit of garments, or live in but one house at a time. Persons in moderate circumstances can do the same.

Health, riches, power and distinction, do not make happiness. Distinction is troublesome; it has more pains than pleasures; it is jealous, envious and distrustful. Power does not make one happy; it demands the most busy watchfulness to keep it. If lost, its absence is often followed by painful suffering, and the possession of it is always accompanied by the fear of losing it. Riches are sometimes regarded as means of enabling one to live in elegant luxury, and even in voluptuous enjoyment. This is no way to be happy; the appetites soon become satiated; the stomach wears out; the senses are palled; diseases come; the body may be racked on a velvet couch as well as on a straw bed.

Is there, then, any such thing as happiness? There must be such a thing, or the laws of nature, which provide for physical, intellectual and moral being, are false and deceitful, and the gift of revelation is a fable.

If there be such a thing as happiness, it will be found in that knowledge of and obedience to the laws of nature which make health, physical and spiritual. It will be found in obeying the propensity to action, to some continuous, useful end; that is, in pursuing reasonably some one of the many vocations in society which tend to secure one's self respect and peace of mind, and which tend also to the common good.

But there may be disappointments, ill luck, and causes of mortification and sorrow. These, we apprehend, do not seriously disturb any well-regulated mind when there is a consciousness that no reasonable foresight or prudence would have discovered and prevented the cause.

Perfect happiness in this world, it must ever be remembered, is not to be expected; the only happiness that we can really attain consists in a certain contented tranquillity of mind under all the shocks and changes of this mortal life.

There is a point called the happy medium, and this should be an aim in all human arrangements. Be moderate in all things.

For example, to take no amusement that is bad, for it deprives the mind of needful rest and recreation; so likewise it is bad to be altogether given up to amusement, for then all serious objects are lost sight of. The true plan is to take amusement in moderation.

BUTTER MANUFACTURE IN DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

At a dairy show recently held in London the subject of butter manufacture in different countries was discussed. Mr. R. Warrington, an able writer on agricultural subjects, tells how the butter makers in Denmark and Sweden produce such excellent quality. Their plan, he states, is to cool the milk as quickly as possible after it is received at the dairy. This is effected by means of cold water or ice. The latter is far more effective than water, and admits of constant results being obtained at all seasons of the year, and, in general, cold water is only employed as a partial substitute.

In either case the milk is set in cylindrical pails, the depth of the milk in the pail being about 16 inches, and the most improved form of pail contains about 35lb. of milk. The object of making the pail narrow is to facilitate the rapid cooling of the milk. The pails are set in a tank sunk level with the floor, and rest on narrow runners of wood, so that they do not touch the bottom of the tank, and the water can thus circulate completely round the pails.

It has been ascertained that 100lb. of milk in a metal pail 14 inches wide, the height of the milk being 16 inches, cooled from 93° to 54° in half an hour; in two hours to 43°; and in ten hours to 36°. The cream is obtained by two skimmings at 24 and 36 hours from the time of setting, and where ice is used the cream is all obtained in 12 to 24 hours. In order to obtain the best quality of butter it is necessary to churn the cream as soon as possible after skimming. When there is not sufficient cream to fill the churn some new milk is added; and the addition of new milk to the cream is generally recommended as improving the flavour of the butter.

Sweet cream butter is better and keeps better than sour cream butter, but people accustomed to the flavour of butter made from sour cream are apt to think butter made from sweet cream insipid, so that, in order to suit certain markets, the cream is sometimes soured before churning.

The process of souring is carefully regulated, so as not to exceed the wished for point. When the temperature of the cream is under 60°, souring takes place very slowly, but becomes rapid at a somewhat higher temperature. The cream is warmed, if necessary, by placing it in a metal pail standing in warm water, or by stirring the cream in the tub with a hollow metal stirrer filled with hot water. When the thermometer shows that the cream has reached the desired temperature, a little buttermilk is added to start the fermentation, and the operation of churning commences.

Souring should be so managed that the cream is just ready at the hour of churning, and if the souring proceeds too rapidly, it must be checked by cooling the cream.

THE INVENTION OF GAS.—The inventor of gaslights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe Le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who in 1772 adopted the idea of using, for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He laboured for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not till 1799 that he confided his discovery to the Institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memorial containing the result of his researches.



[PRINCE ARTHUR.]

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

THE near-approaching marriage of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise of Prussia, granddaughter of the German Emperor, is an event of strong general interest among Englishmen, and one therefore about which a few biographical details will, no doubt, be found highly interesting to our readers. Matters concerning the Queen and the Royal Family are, for the most part, viewed with genuine interest and becoming respectful sympathy throughout the entire country; and, we may add, the Queen has on all occasions—how notably in our colliery accident and similar terrible public calamities—displayed the liveliest womanly sympathy with her subjects. Reciprocal sentiments of this character are a surer support of the Throne than many thousands of hired bayonets. Besides, in the colonies this feeling is generally held: witness the enthusiastic reception of the Marquis and Marchioness (Princess Louise) of Lorne in the Dominion of Canada.

His Royal Highness Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and Earl of Sussex, K.G., K.T., K.P., Prince of the United Kingdom, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha—such is his style and title—is the third son of our beloved Queen, and was born at Buckingham Palace, May 1, 1850. He entered the Military Academy at Woolwich as a

cadet in 1866, became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868, and a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in February 1869. He was appointed a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in August, 1869, and a captain, in excess of the establishment of the regiment, in 1871.

On his attaining his majority in the last-named year Parliament voted him a grant of £15,000 per annum; and here we may pause to remark, that the opposition to the grant was shadowy and almost nominal. With the exception of a conceited amateur republican baronet—who, by the way, if a consistent politician ought to discard his brand new title—and whose title was won (as modern titles for plebeians too often are won) as a reward of sycophancy to Prince Albert, our young member in plain, hard fact having the strange taste to asperse the source of his own elevation, to insult the benefactor of his family; except this luminary and patron of the Eleusis Club (a notorious stronghold of infidelity and the demagogue, where the ignorant are deluded on Sunday evenings), no opposition of the slightest consequence has been made to grants of this kind. Mr. Gladstone, to his credit be it said, has on several occasions defended the grants, and taught a useful lesson to the political firebrands and mob orators of the day.

Without a violation of the arrangement between Crown and Parliament, without in a word dishonesty towards our Queen, the grants could not by possibility be withheld. The Crown has a right to provision of this kind. At the same time we think it unfortunate that repeated ap-

plications should be sent down on these financial points; far better, for example, to have a lump sum assigned (saving of course a special provision for the Heir Apparent) to the Crown, the monarch portioning members of the royal family. But the arrangement cannot be disturbed with any show or semblance of equity during the present reign. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the debate about the Lorne grant, and some able and exhaustive articles in the "Pall Mall Gazette" at that time, will afford a satisfactory and comprehensive view of the question of royal grants. We have judged it desirable to set down a short statement in opposition to the pestilent and truly un-English rubbish which men, who live politically by trading on the credulity of the masses, are greatly given to circulating.

The Princess Louise of Prussia (for there is another Louise—our own charming princess, the Marchioness of Lorne) is the third and youngest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, so famous during the Franco-German war under his popular name of "The Red Prince." Her name in full is Louise Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes. She was born at Potsdam, July 21, 1860. The Duke of Connaught, we learn, first saw the Princess Louise Margaret in 1877 during the festivities accompanying the double wedding of the Princess Charlotte and Elizabeth, which he attended in company with his brother, the Prince of Wales. According to rumour it is a love match; it is superfluous to say that far other considerations than love—political inducements, for example—have too often been connected with royal marriages.

But, looking to politics, the alliance is a happy and an auspicious one. The great German people are of all nations in Europe our nearest kindred, the inheritors and sharers, we may roughly say, of a common Saxonism. To maintain friendly relations between the great Teutonic communities, between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States of America, is the wisest course and the most natural course for Britain, and the best in every way for the cause of rational advancement and order throughout the world. Confronted as we are with Russian aggrandisement and the Slavonic pretensions in the East and with France, nearer home, never to be counted on for six months of any settled course (a cause of constant uneasiness—but matters have been improving a little of late, we fear till the next explosion only)—our natural allies, those connected to us by blood and by general interest, are our best and safest. We are glad, for many reasons, that a new tie is about to confirm the ancient associations of England and Germany.

It is announced that early in the year the Duke of Connaught, through the retirement of the Duke of Marlborough, will become Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This is yet another of those wise yet daring movements given to us by the administration of Lord Beaconsfield. What can a royal prince do for Ireland? is a question which our grumblers cannot fail to ask. We think he may be expected to do a good deal; that his presence will confer very clear and decided benefit upon that country. The Irish, a people somewhat prone to sentiment, will, we are certain, fully and gratefully appreciate the honour done them. Moreover, if viceregal state or something resembling it—the indefinite yet well understood something uniformly associated by popular instinct with royal personages—be maintained, powerful attractions or inducements will keep in or about their own country many who otherwise would become absentees. Irish trade would greatly benefit, precisely as trade at the West End of London is held to flourish under the presence of the Queen or the Prince of Wales.

All our readers will, we are sure, join in our wish that the union may be a happy one. Windsor has never beheld a nobler pair, or a pair more worthily matched. Married life in royal circles has—if unfortunately, too seldom—had its true and tender and ennobling experiences. We can only advert to the Queen's charming book, the Journal of her "Life in the Highlands," and to Mr. Theodore Martin's ad-

mirable "Memoirs of the Prince Consort" as showing in the highest possible instance what such marriages may be and ought to be. Nor can we express a better wish than that like happiness may attend the union of the Prince of England and the Princess of Germany.

T. H. G.

THE WIFE'S AMBITION.

"It's a hard rub to get along, little wife, isn't it?" said Gerald May, as he closed his account book, and looked, somewhat ruefully, at the solitary five shillings which was all that remained of his month's salary, after the housekeeping bills were settled, and the rent paid, and the outstanding accounts balanced up satisfactorily.

Mabel May was kneeling on the hearthrug, toasting a piece of bread for her husband's supper.

She turned around, with cheeks flushed by the fire-light, and rosy lips apart.

"Oh! Gerald," said she, "I do try so hard to be economical!"

"Of course, you do, little chick," said May, leaning over to capture one particular curl of reddish brown hair that was drooping, in spirals of gold, over the fair forehead, and giving it an affectionate little twitch. "Don't I know that, without your telling me?"

"But I wish I could help you," cried out Mabel. "Oh, I wish I knew of any way to earn money myself!"

Gerald May looked at her with an amused smile.

"My dear," said he, "one would as soon expect an oversized doll to earn money!"

"Other women do," said Mabel, critically surveying the slice of bread, to make sure that it was artistically browned on both sides.

"But you are such a child!"

"I am two-and-twenty," said Mabel, solemnly.

"Nonsense!" said Gerald. "What could you do to earn money?"

Mabel coloured a little at the depreciatory tone of the words.

"Gerald," said she, "I do wish you would treat me more like a woman and less like a child. Don't you suppose that I have as much talent as the rest of my sex?"

Gerald laughed good humoredly. "Pour out the tea, carn," said he, "before you go on rhapsodizing! Of course I know that you are a dear little puss, and can make an omelette or a shirt with any woman in Christendom! But you can't write a stirring book like George Eliot, nor paint a grand picture like Rosa Bonheur!"

"Of course, I don't aspire to any such greatness as that," said Mabel impatiently; "but I can sing!"

"You've got a nice little voice enough," said her husband, patronisingly, "for the parlour; but as to making money out of it I hardly think you'll find it so easy."

"You don't think I can do anything," cried Mabel, half indignantly. "Only just because I am a woman."

"Some women can drive Fate single-handed," said Gerald May, sipping his tea with provoking nonchalance; "but you're not one of the sort, my dear!"

But long after Gerald had lighted his student lamp and commenced his evening avocation of copying law papers, by which pursuit he added a slender sum to the income which would otherwise have been quite insufficient for even the slender wants of the young married pair, Mabel sat with folded hands gazing into the red coals, as if she could read there some clue to the problem of her life.

"Only five shillings left of our month's money after our month's bills are all settled," said Mrs. May to herself, screwing up her little rosebud of a mouth. "Oh, dear! this isn't the way to get rich. I can't write love stories and poetry, and I won't sew for starvation prices; and I don't see my way clear to being a shop girl or a cashier even if anybody would employ me, because

there's dear old Gerald to be looked after and kept comfortable. But I do think I could sing, if only I obtained a chance. M. Martelli, at boarding school, used to say I had a good soprano. I'll ask Mrs. Lacy, upstairs, to let me practice a little on her piano, and then I'll try my fortune. Gerald would say it was all nonsense; but then I don't mean to ask Gerald's advice!"

And three or four weeks afterwards, when Mrs. May presented herself, trembling and fluttered, before Signor Severo, that musical autocrat viewed her, with favourable eyes, through an immense pair of tortoise-shell eye-glasses.

"You advertised for a soprano, sir," said Mabel, turning carmine and white by turns.

"Certainly, madame, I did," said the signor. "For ze choir of St. Eudocia, in Magnolia Square."

"Will you please try me?"

"Wiz ze greatest of pleasure, madame!" briskly opening the huge grand piano which stood like a family coffin in the middle of the room. "And what will you sing?"

"Whatever you please, sir."

Signor Severo rustled a piece of music out of a drift some three feet high on the floor.

"Bien! We will try zis," said he.

He struck the chords, and, rising up on the wings of the sublime harmony, Mabel's voice soared like a bird.

Signor Severo nodded when the aria was over, and rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Madame," said he, "it is strong, it is sweet. You have one good idea of time and tune—you know how to manage ze voice."

"And you will give me a trial?"

Mabel's heart was beating so rapidly that she could hardly speak.

The signor nodded.

"And if ze musical committee accept you—mind, madame, I do not say zey will, for of all committees musical committees are ze most capricious—we will give you ze salarie of one hundred pounds ze year. I plaz ze organ; I lead ze choir, when it will be led at all," with a comical shrug of his shoulders, "and I shall you most cordially recommend."

One hundred pounds!

Mabel May tripped home as if her light feet were flying over rose-coloured clouds instead of muddy March pavements. Why, that was as much as Messrs. Stint and Scrape paid Gerald for his drudgery work behind the bookkeeper's desk.

One hundred pounds! It would double their little income at once, and enable them to lay something by for the rainy day that comes to everyone, sooner or later.

Oh! could it be possible that such good luck was in store for her?

It was late one Sunday night, when Gerald May sat yawning before his solitary fire. Mabel had been spending the day and evening with a friend—or at least so she said—and Gerald was beginning to realise how lonely home was without its pervading spirit.

At length the door opened, and Mabel came in, rosy and dimpled, and wrapped in a huge shawl.

"Have you been very lonesome, dear?" she said, radiantly.

"I've felt just exactly like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island," said Gerald with a grimace. "And what sort of a day have you had, little woman?"

"Oh, pleasant enough," evasively. "But tell me, Gerald, how have you whiled away the time?"

"I've been to a fashionable church," said Mr. May, "St. Eudocia's, in Magnolia Square. And I must take you there, Mabel, to hear the music! Why, it's equal to an oratorio! The tears came into my eyes as I listened—it seemed as if my soul were floating up, and up, and up, on the current of that divine melody!"

"Was it very fine?" Mrs. May's face was turned away as she was fastening a loose button in her boot.

"The finest soprano I have ever heard," cried Gerald, enthusiastically. "You must listen to her, Mabel!"

The young wife turned to him with brimming eyes and cheeks suffused with crimson.

"Gerald," said she, "I must tell you a secret. I, too, was at St. Eudocia's church this morning."

"And you heard that delicious soprano?"

"Yes—no—I don't know whether I did or not, Gerald," flinging her arms around his neck. "I was the soprano at St. Eudocia's. Oh, Gerald, forgive me for keeping you in ignorance so long, but I dared not tell you until I knew positively that I should either succeed or fail. And, Heaven be praised! I have succeeded."

Gerald's eyes, too were full in spite of his assumed stoicism.

"My little darling," he whispered, caressingly. "And I suppose they pay you some trifling salary?"

"One hundred pounds a year, Gerald," she answered, with innocent triumph.

"What!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "That's something worth having. Why, you must be a genius, little wife."

"We can save a little money now, dear," she said, lightly; "and you needn't take any more of that tiresome law copying, and I can hire a piano to practice with, and—and—oh, Gerald, I am so happy!"

For Mabel May had at last succeeded in attaining the goal of her feminine ambition, and she wouldn't have envied England's queen that night.

A HINT.

"DEAR MOTHER," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome thing, and always in mischief: go upstairs till I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault.

With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

OFFICE LOUNGERS.

I CAN'T see why people make a lounging-room of an editor's office, and yet they do it. Some of the funniest people too. One comes in with an air of mighty importance, settles himself comfortably in the easiest chair, strokes his moustache, honours the distracted editor with a few original ideas, and subsides into a condescending inspection of the office and its contents.

Another drops in as if by accident, accepts the proffered seat, and patiently waits for the editor to ascertain his business by a series of adroit hints.

Not that the editor cares to know what errand has brought him there, but he sees upon his face, and in his manner, that there is something to be told, and wisely decides to have it out with him as soon as possible.

Another comes in quietly, as if fearful of disturbing the editor; he bears upon his features the half-consciousness of intrusion, and seems to desire to be as quiet as possible, but there! his foot will keep up that everlasting tap, tap, tap, upon the floor.

Of course he don't mean to do it, it's all owing to that unmanageable foot. Or, his fingers will drum upon the table. Now anyone who has ever tried to think or write, while somebody was making a steady noise, knows something the feelings of the poor editor. Nerves? well! if you know what nerves are you must have been "through the mill."

No sooner have these torments gone than in floats a sweet-looking, perfumed miss, with an assortment of sentimental nonsense upon paper.

which she leaves for the inspection of the editor.

Say nothing of the men who will task you to death, or the old maids who write for the papers, and think it to be their duty to call upon the editor and give their opinion of the rest of his correspondents.

Omit those who call upon business. Forget those who make friendly journeys into the inner life of our weeklies, and you need not wonder that so many newspapers fail. I think the sole reason why so many periodicals fail to attain perfection, is, that their editors are so annoyed by the persistency of office loungers that they cannot do their business justice.

Now I'd rather take a good scolding than enter such a place. I know I'm not wanted there, and wonder why everyone else does not know it too.

Folks! If you must torment the editor with your presence, please remember this. Shut the door, keep your hands and feet still, tongue ditto, and go out as soon as possible. R. H.

THE JAPANESE WAX TREE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE most important article for illuminating purposes in Japan is the candle made from the fruit of the *Rhus succedanea*, a tree about the size and appearance of the common sumac of America. It is grown more or less extensively in Japan, and especially in the Western Provinces. Specimens of this tree have been imported to San Francisco by Henry Loomis. The tree has a quick growth, and attains the diameter of a foot and a half and a height of twenty-five feet. They should be planted about seven feet apart, and shaded on the sunny side for the first season. The ground should be well stirred and kept free from weeds. They begin to yield berries the third year, but in California may bear the next year after planting.

The berries are the size of a pea, of a white colour, hanging in clusters, and contain the wax between the kernel and the outer skin. The full-grown tree averages fifty pounds of seeds annually, about one-half of which is wax. It is a hardy plant, growing on indifferent soil, and living for many years. In Japan they are planted by the roadside, on embankments, and out of the way places. The wax is obtained by the berries being crushed, steamed, and then placed in hemp bags and pressed in a wedge press. It is also obtained by boiling the bruised seeds and skimming the wax from the top. In ordinary candle making the unbleached wax is used. When washed and bleached in the sun and air it assumes a pure white colour. When formed into candles it gives a fine, clear light.

The vegetable wax of commerce is the imported article from Japan. From experiments made, it is represented that it can be readily and profitably grown in California. The tree is highly ornamental. As the foliage changes it has the peculiar bright and attractive hues so remarkable in the autumn landscapes of the Eastern States. The wax is valuable for candles, making the gloss for linen, for waxing thread, and for other purposes for which the ordinary wax is used.

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE.

PERSONS living in marshy districts, who are necessarily exposed to miasmatic exhalations, will find that lime juice mixed with water and taken freely as a beverage, will prove an excellent preventive of malarial fevers. Those who are suffering from intermittents will find that the antiperiodics, which are cheaper than quinine, the great type of the class, will answer as good purpose if taken in the only proper way, that is, a full or even heroic dose one hour before the expected recurrence of the chill. When distributed throughout the intermission in very

small doses their effect is lost, and disappointment follows.

The medical gentlemen who so carefully prepared the tabulated reports of the mortuary experience of an insurance society in New York, have shown in their admirable analysis of the causes of death, that the proportion of loss from consumption has been 19.17 per cent. of the total mortality of the company, and 19 per 10,000 annually. (Such figures show the immense importance of more effective methods of treatment.)

The theory of cure is to clear the lungs by a mechanical effort, chiefly by manipulating the muscles of the throat so as to cause more forcible breathing; second, to establish perfect digestion; third, to promote a process of healing the tubercles, so that they shall become chalky or calcified masses; fourth, to compel the patients to take plenty of fresh air, sunlight, and outdoor exercise. To secure perfect digestion, a special diet is ordered in each case, and the food is changed as the power of assimilating it improves.

To promote the calcifying of the tubercles, the salts of lime, which are found in most vegetable and animal food, must be supplied in a soluble condition; the theory is that too much heat in ordinary cooking destroys the natural combination of these salts with albumen, and renders them insoluble to a weak digestion. Outdoor exercise is regarded as so important that the patients are instructed to go out in snow, rain, dampness, or even night-air or dew, the habit thus acquired neutralising the danger of catching cold from such exposure. Only strong head winds and extreme hot weather need be guarded against. The patients sleep with the windows open, summer and winter.

A physician, whose cinchona recipe for the cure of drunkards recently attracted attention, recommends this highly carbonaceous mixture in the treatment of consumption: One half pound finely cut up beefsteak (fresh); one drachm pulverised charcoal; four ounces pulverised sugar; four ounces rye whisky; one pint boiling water. Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teaspoonfuls, liquid and meat, before each meal. The value of this method of supplying a sufficiency of carbon in a form that may be readily appropriated is obvious.

FACETIÆ.

THE MAN WITH AN APPETITE.

A MAN I know's the hungriest one
That ever saw the light;
His gormandising's never done,
He's such an appetite.

The story brought to me, you know,
By little list'ning birds,
Was that a day or two ago
He firstly ate his words.

Then going home he from a shelf
A ponderous volume took,
And there alone quite by himself
He soon devoured the book.

Still pangs of hunger ne'er forsook
This most voracious male,
Not only he devoured the book,
But swallowed, too, the tale.

And yet he longed for more to eat,
Yes, still he craved for more,
Until, to make his meal complete,
Quick bolted he the door. —Fun.

"FRENCH" AND "ENGLISH."

RECLINING ENGLISHMAN: "I am what you Frenchmen call 'lassé!'"

POSTURING FRENCHMAN: "I tell you, sir, the 'plain English' of zat is, you are 'blasé!'" —Fun.

COMPLIMENTS.

"SWEETS to the sweet," said a young man on

passing the sugar to a young lady seated at a hotel table.

"And beats to the beats," remarked the lady, pushing a dish of that vegetable towards the young man.

For some reason, the observation cast a settled gloom over a countenance just before radiant with smiles.

THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL—IRELAND.

MASTER: "But you know, Dennis, you can get in your whiskey for Sunday on the previous evening."

GARDNER: "Shure, yer honour, wid a pint of it in the house—saled up—I'd never get a wink of sleep!" —Punch.

MEM. from the Mansion House—If you want razors to get sharp, and charities not to get blunt, send to Whet-ham. —Punch.

THE NEWEST THING IN WALL-PAPERS.

DEALER: "This is artistic, sir. A nocturne in blue and silver. Starlight at Stepney. Treated decoratively. Praps you read what Mr. Frith said about our goods at the Whistler trial, sir? Awfully down on Whistler. Brought us a lot of custom."

N.B.—In the course of this trial Mr. Frith, R.A., in giving his opinion of Mr. Whistler's pictures, said there was a beautiful tone of colour about them, but they did not represent any more than could be got out of a piece of wall paper. —Judy.

MISSING.

SIR FREDERICK ADAM spoke with a strong Scotch accent.

One day, when inspecting a regiment, he noticed that the tuft of a soldier's shako was missing.

The man was an Irishman, and a bit of a humourist.

"Where's your feyther (feather), my mon?" asked Sir Frederick.

"He's in Ireland, your honour," was the prompt reply.

THE LAST GRIEVANCE.

HOME-RULER (indignantly): "Is our oppressed country always to be in the minorites, Mr. Flanagan? Oi see here, be the London peepers, that among these Glasgow Bank shareholders, whole England and Scotland are largely interested. Ireland is only ripsinted by a beggarly two, sorr!" —Punch.

LITERAL.

SOFT-HEARTED GRANDPAPA (to Tommy, who has just been castigated by his mamma): "And you know, Tommy, it really pains mamma more than it does you."

TOMMY: "Oh, yes, I know it does! She says so. It hurts her hands!" —Punch.

TOYS AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

LADY CUSTOMER: "My little boy wishes for a Noah's Ark. Have you one?"

TOYMAN: "No, mum, no. We've given up keeping Noah's Harks since the Schoolboard's come in. They was considered too denominational, mum!" —Punch.

ASKED AT THE AGRICULTURAL.

WHY do you not require a leaf in cutting beef sandwiches?—Because an ox is "bred and meat." —Fun.

OVERDOING IT.

CONSCIENTIOUS people are not so scarce as is generally supposed. There is a clerk at Somerset House who never puts his boots on without a stamp. —Judy.

A "GRIZZLY" JOKE.

WHY is Russia like Messrs. Truman, Hanbury & Co.?—Because she is generally represented in the pictorial journals as Bruin! —Judy.

H'S AND PAINS.

TRAMP: "Give us a 'ap'ny, sir, please. My old woman's so 'elpless she can't 'ardly 'obble up the 'ill."

SCHOOLBOARD INSPECTOR: "There's a penny for you, too. Buy yourself in it to begin with." —Judy.

(H)EVERLASTING.

OLD PARTY: "We've just been over to (H)unsworth to visit the (h)aunts of my childhood."

YOUNG PARTY: "Indeed! Are they still alive? How very old and withered they must be!" —Fun.

A SIMPLE ENTREE FOR THE 5TH DECEMBER.

How doth the busy Parliament
Improve each shining hour,
By talking, talking night and day,
With twenty-magpie power.

How doth the savage Gladstone rise,
Ambition to pursue,
And rave of Russia, India, and
Of Afghanistan too.

How doth the angry Radical
Delight to bark and shriek;
How oft he tries a lion's roar,
And only makes a squeak.

How doth the loyal Englishman
All snarling curs deride,
And in the present Government
Implicitly confide. —Judy.

HER MEANING.

A YOUNG lady, hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said:

"He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—"

"Dogmatic?" suggested her friend.

"No; he has not dignity enough for that. I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

VERY LIKELY.

SAID I to my wife, "My dear, 'pon my life,

You look gloomy and sad this fine morning."

"So would you," said my wife, "if you'd gone through my strife,

With a cook who'd just had a month's warning!"

"There's a way, my sweet Maud, to be rid of such elves;

Let us live upon chops—and we'll cook 'em ourselves!"

"Yes, that's all very fine," she replied, "my dear hub,

For, when sick of fried chops, why—you'll dine at your club." —Judy.

AN INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION.

FIRST LADY'S-MAID (English): "Me and milady we always go by the tidal train!"

SECOND LADY'S-MAID (German): "Zeh? Ze title train! Zat will not to for us, as ve are only lantet chentry." —Punch.

SILENT WATCHES.

NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN (to Watchmaker): "No, none of them will do. I want a watch that won't go tick! tack! tick! all the night long. I hate to hear a watch tick, for it keeps me awake."

WATCHMAKER: "Ah! I see, sir. You want one of the 'silent watches' of the night?"

N. O. G.: "Yes."

W.: "I don't keep 'em, sir."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, ETC.

A Romance of a Locket.

MAUD left her locket here when she went out,

And I can solve my weeks of weary doubt;

Is it my portrait that she takes about,
Or hated Harry's?

Not Harry's surely—the idea I scout—
'Tis me she marries.

Whose face is it, I wonder, that may be there?

Is't his or mine on op'ning I shall see there?

Horror! 'Tis neither!
(Despair, tableau, and curtain.) —Judy.

STATISTICS.

In the "Notes of a Tour in America," by Mr. Vivian, which is being much read just now, he says, "Meat costs at the least about twopence per pound in Chicago, and to ship meat from Chicago to London costs about one penny per pound." This would allow of its being sent over at a profit, if "best and second cuts" were retailed at sixpence per pound in England. West of Chicago there are 500,000 square miles of excellent grazing land, and this vast area is now being "filled up," i.e., stocked, with herds from Texan cows, crossed with first-class short-horn bulls. "The trade," continues Mr. Vivian, "is still in its infancy, and has not yet hardened into a solid business," and this, in his opinion, arises from an idea of the principal dealers in "produce," that canned meats can be introduced into the English markets as easily as fresh meat. If, therefore, Mr. Vivian's data are correct, before long a plentiful supply will be sent to London of excellent beef at from sixpence to sevenpence per pound. Farmers and landlords may not appreciate the fact.

THE LORD KNOWS WHO.

THERE are many we pass by daily,
In our pilgrimage through life,
That manage to flaunt it gaily,
In spite of the world's stern strife.
Others that are not in the fashion,
Their garments not over new;
Looked on by the world with compassion,
And classed as the Lord knows who.

You may read as you walk along,
Through every crowded street,
Gaped at by the passing throng,
In every mouth you meet,
Of some most dire misfortune,
And subscriptions raised anew;
From the great ones will come a portion,
The bulk from the Lord knows who.

You will find on reading the papers
The law has peculiar ways;
Cute many extraordinary capers,
And all sorts of vagaries plays.
Of the rich ones it makes a pet,
They at times pay the piper, it's true;
But they catch it, the unknown set,
That belong to the Lord knows who.

When all will have to account to the letter,
And titles and honours will fall to dust;

That rich man will be no better
Than him who has not a crust.
Then show by your daily behaviour
Every action is good and true;
And the verdict will be in favour
No doubt of the Lord knows who.

O. P.

GEMS.

You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward, if you know certain things of yourself, and care not to own them to yourself.

THE force of the wind is easily measured by an anemometer. Seven miles an hour is a gentle air; fourteen miles a light breeze; forty miles a gale; sixty miles a heavy storm; and eighty to one hundred miles a sweeping hurricane.

THE rainbow was beautiful, but without a storm, without a cloud, without descending rain-

drops, it does not appear. It comes after darkness and gloom, and the contrast makes its light the more charming and attractive.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

MILK TOAST.—Cut slices of bread very thin; toast quickly to a light brown; butter and pile them in a deep dish, then cover them with rich boiling milk. Let it stand a few minutes, and serve. A little salt may be added, if necessary.

THE TURNIP AS A "GREASER."—In baking buckwheat and other griddle-cakes, a piece as a "greaser" is by many thought to be almost indispensable. Those who are of this opinion will, on trial, soon learn that a turnip divided in two answers the same or a better purpose, as the odour—the most unpleasant part of cake-baking—comes from the greaser in contact with the hot iron, whereas with the turnip very little of this is perceptible.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, baking powder, one cup sour milk, one-half cup of butter. Inside: Quarter cup of sugar, half cup of new milk, one egg, teaspoonful of flour. Flavour with rose-water.

TO RID A HOUSE OF INSECTS.—If two or three bottles of ammonia, left unstopped, are put in prominent places in a room, they will soon leave. No insects can tolerate it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE authorities have resolved to try the electric light on a large scale at the General Post Office.

A WOMAN who has been sent to prison at Greenock for disorderly conduct has been 122 times convicted, and since her first conviction in 1850 has spent thirteen years and forty-nine days in prison.

THE funeral of Mr. Alfred Wigan, whose death was announced recently, took place at Kensal Green Cemetery on December 7. The coffin, which was strewn with flowers and immortelles by the hands of sympathising friends, was simply inscribed, "Alfred Sidney Wigan, died November 29th, 1878, at Folkestone, in the 61st year of his age."

SOME time since the Trinity House were making experiments with a new gas for the purpose of lighting buoys, which are now useless after dark. The experiments have been so far successful that it has been decided to order buoys properly constructed and provided with the new light. The peculiarity of the gas is that a buoy full of it in a compressed state will keep a light burning for some months without need of replenishing it. A lantern has been constructed in which the light will be protected from spray at whatever angle it may be placed. One of these lanterns was exposed on the Trinity House Wharf to the action of water from a fire engine, and it was found impossible to extinguish the light.

EXPERIMENTS were instituted by the British Admiralty, rather more than a year ago, to determine whether steel or iron corrodes the most when exposed unprotected to the action of salt water. A recent examination of the test plates shows that there is no substantial difference between the two forms of metal in this respect. From its superior lightness, however, steel will probably hereafter be used in building hulls in the naval ship-yards in preference to iron.

THE asserted existence of a vast deposit of salt in North Germany is demonstrated by recent borings made under the direction of the Mecklenburg government. The salt beds underlie the region extending from Luneberg, south of the Elbe, to Holstein and the shores of the Baltic Sea. The thickness of the salt exceeds 400 feet, and the deposit has not yet been pierced through.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROGER.—The particular qualification in which, according to your note, you are deficient, is the essence of the requirement. Its absence cannot be supplied by the possession even of a thousand other qualifications of a different nature.

JOHN.—Dragon's blood, when pulverised, is of a bright red colour. In the varnish to which you refer the dragon's blood is the principal colouring matter, therefore it will not do to omit this ingredient. The varnish in question is applied with a brush in an ordinary way, and will impart colour as well as gloss to white wood.

CARRIE.—You might send a description according to the samples given week after week, and thus try what would come of it.

H. S.—The handwriting is particularly good, but in the estimation of many it would be even better if the distinction between the upstrokes and the downstrokes were more marked.

LOO.—You are doubtless aware that few things are to be had for the asking, and that to obtain a desired object much patient effort is often necessary.

BELLE.—A red nose is often indicative of poorness of blood and consequently of ill-health. The system then requires tonic medicines, bracing habits, and good, wholesome food.

JOE.—To procure the certificate of birth or baptism the best course to take is to apply to the parish clerks of the neighbourhood where the person was born or spent their early days.

E. B.—Permit us to answer your question by a well-known quotation:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

NELLY.—Belladonna, when applied externally to the eyes, is supposed to have the effect of brightening them. But too much caution cannot be used in the application of this dangerous cosmetic.

EMILY.—The name Edward means "Guardian of Happiness;" Sarah means "a Princess."

ALFRED.—A marriage between persons whose notions upon religious topics differ is generally considered not advisable.

GEORGE.—You seem to have exhausted all possible remedies for the usual phenomenon referred to. We are sorry that we can suggest no elixir likely to answer your purpose.

XENOPHON.—Some notion of the numerous works upon the subject referred to may be obtained by consulting the last edition of the classified index to the London Catalogue of Books.

ROVING TOM.—The time for settling down in your case has scarcely yet arrived. As it draws nearer so much the more circumspect and prudent should your roving become.

EMILY.—At your age a certain deference to the wishes of your parents is not only becoming but advisable. By such means you get time for consideration. You should, we think, give your aunt credit for wishing you well and for possessing a better knowledge of human nature than yourself.

L. W.—To give to brass the colour of silver by means of a cleansing process only is a method of transformation beyond our ken.

FLORENCE.—The pastime referred to should be only lightly esteemed. It cannot be very well explained in print, but as it is a very common accomplishment you will have no difficulty in finding some acquaintance who will show you the way. Laugh and be merry, and let your fancy picture what the pictures point to, but, as the song says of something far brighter:

"Trust them not; they'll be fooling thee."

O.—It is sometimes thought rude to chatter about the ages of living persons; but perhaps there is no harm in saying that the age of the personage inquired about is forty-three.

ESTHER.—The colour of the hair is a pure bright red, a description which by some people is held in great estimation.

S. B., twenty-three, tall, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-two.

OCEAN CHILD, CUTTER JACK, and COPPER PUNT JACK, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Ocean Child is twenty-two, of medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes. Cutter Jack is twenty-two, medium height, dark hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition. Copper Punt Jack is twenty-one, dark brown hair, hazel eyes.

ANNIE G., nineteen, tall, dark, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be about twenty-five.

J. W., twenty-six, dark, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady.

HOOK & THIMBLE JACK, TOM BOWLING, and FLASHING LIGHT, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Hook & Thimble Jack is twenty-three, dark, fond of children. Tom Bowling is twenty-one, fair, good-looking, fond of dancing. Flashing Light is twenty-two, fair, fond of music. Respondents must be fond of home and children, affectionate.

KATHLEEN and EVELINE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Kathleen is eighteen, hazel eyes. Eveline is seventeen, fair, blue eyes, and loving.

W. T. and J. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. W. T. is twenty-two, tall, dark, fond of home and music. J. B. is twenty-one, medium height, fair.

STAND ALONE.

There are times to mingle forces,
One great purpose to enthroned,
As from scores of trickling courses,
Sleeping streams to might are grown,
But, when private ends are brewing,
With a firmness all your own,
Sleeplessly your duty doing,
Still your own set way pursuing,
Stand alone!

Cliques and clubs are moral crutches
Signifying doubt in Self;
Leagues and factions foil the clutches
That should feel from self to self
Up the crags of life's endeavour,
Unassisted, alone by stone,
Foot by foot, unswerving never;
Individual aim should ever
Stand alone!

Natures weak in herds commingle
For the small affairs of life.
While the stronger, bravely single,
Rush into the varied strife
Of exchange, or trade, or science,
With their pennants proud outblown,
Setting danger at defiance,
And, with noble self-reliance,
Stand alone!

Scorn not toils and hopes of others,
Growing sad in doubt and fear—
Ever lend to struggling brothers
Hand of help and smile of cheer;
But accept not what, unsparring,
From your own proud strength is strown,
And, self-poised, self-centred, daring,
Though the strife be long and wearing,
Stand alone!

Stand alone! That labour thriveth
Which, unaided, plods and deives,
And her favours fate contriveth
For the hands that help themselves
Oft 'tis best our mights to mingle,
One vast purpose to enthroned;
But, when self begins to tinge
With conceptions all her own,
Firm, undaunted, proud and single,
Stand alone!

N. D. U.

C. R. and P. P., two friends, wish to correspond with two gentlemen. C. R. is twenty-four, good-tempered, fond of home, of a loving disposition. P. P. is twenty, medium height, fair.

JACK WINTERBOTTOM, BRAD BARGE BILL, and SHARKEY, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Jack Winterbottom is twenty, tall, dark hair and eyes, fond of music and dancing. Brad Barge Bill is twenty, light brown hair, blue eyes. Sharkey is good-looking, of a loving disposition, medium height.

LAUGHING ANNE, twenty, dark hair, hazel eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy.

TOM HARKAWAY, BILL DOWNHAUL, and JACK THE LAD, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Tom Harkaway is twenty-one, light hair, blue eyes, tall. Bill Downhaul is twenty, dark brown hair and eyes, good-looking, fond of music, children, and dancing. Jack the Lad is twenty, curly hair, blue eyes, good-looking, tall, of a loving disposition.

WILLIAM B., twenty-two, tall, would like to correspond with a good-looking young lady.

JULIA, twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, fond of home and children, tall, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-four, dark, medium height.

WALTER, twenty-one, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age.

F. T., twenty-two, dark hair, hazel eyes, medium height, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-five, medium height, good-looking, fond of home.

MOLLY, eighteen, loving, brown hair, blue eyes, of medium height, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home.

F. G. and T. P., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. F. G. is twenty-two, tall, dark, dark hair and eyes. T. P. is twenty-two, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home. Respondents must be twenty, loving.

M. S., twenty-two, tall, fair, dark blue eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-four, dark hair and eyes.

CLARENCE, seventeen, dark hair and eyes, of medium height, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony.

RHADO T., twenty-two, fond of home and children, golden hair, blue eyes, loving, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-four, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, good-looking, fond of home and children.

ROSE, twenty-two, dark, medium height, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-five, good-tempered, and fond of home.

MAUDE, twenty-one, fair, auburn hair, grey eyes, good-looking, of a loving disposition, and fond of home, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about the same age.

EMILY and LOUISE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Emily is twenty-four, fair, medium height, domesticated. Louise is eighteen, dark, fond of home and children. Respondents must be tall, of loving dispositions.

T. F. and D. C., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. T. F. is twenty-four, handsome, dark. D. C. is fair, blue eyes, good-tempered.

JACK, twenty-three, fair, good-looking, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a fair, loving young lady.

NELLIE and LILY, two friends, would like to correspond with two good-looking young gentlemen. Nellie is nineteen, brown hair, hazel eyes, thoroughly domesticated, fond of music. Lily is eighteen, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of children, of a loving disposition, good-tempered.

K. L. and S. R., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. K. L. is twenty-three, medium height. S. R. is twenty, tall. Respondents must be fond of music and dancing, good-looking.

EVELINE K., twenty, dark, light brown hair, grey eyes, medium height, fond of home and children, wishes to correspond with a young man about the same age, fair, fond of home.

W. D. and B. C., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. W. D. is twenty-one, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, good-tempered. B. C. is seventeen, dark brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, of a loving disposition.

Cissy and CLARA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Cissy is nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes. Clara is nineteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes. Respondents must be fond of home and music.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

APHRA is responded to by—J. G. G., twenty-five, fair.
EMILY by—Charles.
F. T. by—E. M., dark, fond of home and music.
F. E. by—B. F., brown hair.
RICHILIE by—Love, dark hair and eyes, domesticated, loving.
FOND HEART by—C. A., seventeen, fair.
H. F. by—F. H., twenty-five, dark hair and eyes, tall, fond of home and children.
NELLIE by—Charlie W.
EMILY by—George.
C. G. by—Gertie, twenty, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, domesticated.

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